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The American Girl

APRIL

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1942



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SUCCESS STORIES FROM THE NATIONAL JUNIOR SEWING CLUB



My best friend Jinny and I were talking about our summer vacation and what we'd do. "I'd like to do some real war work," said Jinny. "Not just saving waste paper and stuff!"



"Like what?" I said. "We could sew for the Red Cross, only we can't sew." Jinny said, "Well, we could learn." And she knew where we could learn free—at the National Junior Sewing Club.



She was right! The club holds meetings at the Singer Sewing Center, and a teacher shows you how to start from scratch. She knows what the Red Cross needs and how to make them. She is very patient, too. A lot of kids our age were there.



Gee, were we proud of those first Red Cross baby clothes we made! Jinny said she learned so much making hers that she was going to tackle a dress for herself. And the money she would save on her own clothes could go to the Red Cross or into War Stamps!

MEMBERSHIP PIN



—presented to full-fledged members of the National Junior Sewing Club.

DIPLOMA—presented to all girls making a dress and taking part in the Club's Fashion Show.

SCOUT CLOTHING BADGE—The

lessons and instructions received at the National Junior Sewing Club will help you earn Girl Scout Clothing Badges.

NO MEMBERSHIP FEE!

Any girl between the ages of 12 and 16 can join the National Junior Sewing Club. Sewing meetings are held after school or on Saturdays, at your Singer Sewing Center. You can join alone, or with a group of your Scout friends. Call at your Singer Shop for full information.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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ELIZABETH HONNESS, Managing Editor

ERIC SHUMWAY, Business Manager

THE AMERICAN GIRL

MARJORIE CINTA, Editorial Assistant

MARY REARDON, Editorial Assistant

MARGARET MORAN, Advertising Representative

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Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

SMILING GIRL *Painted by* JAN VERMEER

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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

APRIL • 1942

Ann Goes to the NATIONAL GALLERY

by RAY
TYLER NOURSE



OUT of the mass of classic marble buildings that line Constitution Avenue, it was this one that struck an arresting note. Even before Mrs. Allenby spoke, Ann knew it must be the National Gallery, for she felt the same prickle along her spine that she had had at the Lincoln Memorial.

"The National Gallery! That means it belongs to you and me and every one of us all over America," she said.

Constance Allenby, her mother's college roommate whom Ann was visiting in Washington, was pleased. "That's precisely the reaction Mr. Andrew Mellon wanted when he gave his incredible gift of seventy-five-million dollars in pictures, endowment, and buildings to the nation."

"Is that why he didn't want it called the Mellon Gallery?"

"Quite so. He dreamed of it as a symbol that America had come of age culturally, and he wanted to build a gallery so wonderful that many other American collectors of note would feel they must house their paintings there, too. Indeed, events have already proved him right, for Mr. Samuel Kress gave his Italian collection, including every period of Italian art from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries, before the gallery was opened. And Mr. Widener of Philadelphia willed his to the Government at his death."

"Those marble walls without any windows make the building look mysterious and sheltering," mused Ann.

"Perhaps that's why it's so challenging to the imagination. Walls enclosing the mystery of genius that has welled up inexhaustibly through the ages."

Serenely beautiful in its classic proportions, the National Gallery stood with the great sweep of the open Mall before it, its central section, frankly modeled after the Pantheon in Rome, approached by broad marble steps that led up to the vast pillars of the portico. Like the Pantheon, too, this center

The next best thing to visiting the National Gallery yourself is to join Ann on a personally conducted tour of that treasure house of the arts



Photographs by courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



LEFT: THE NATIONAL GALLERY, BEAUTIFUL IN ITS CLASSIC PROPORTIONS. ABOVE: A BRONZE MERCURY SEEMS IN THE ACT OF WINGING UPWARD, ONE ARM POINTING THE WAY



"SAINT JEROME IN THE WILDERNESS" BY PERUGINO. THE LION IS SYMBOLIC OF THE STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH

was capped by a dome so low as to give a sense of frustration to eyes accustomed to the ballooning roof of the Capitol.

But the close-fitting dome seemed to Ann only to bind together the long reach of wings, so cleverly broken by decoration that suggested marble pictures in triple marble frames, leading the eye out to empty niches at the corners.

"What color is the building?" she puzzled.

"Very subtle, don't you think? Though at first glance it looks gray, it is really pink Georgia marble, shaded from pinkish gray at the bottom to creamy pink at the top, and changing with the light. In the rain there is no doubt whatever about its color. Though the specifications called for white marble, Mr. Mellon eagerly enlarged the budget when Mr. Pope found this."

"I suppose Mr. Pope was the architect?"

"Yes—a friend of Mr. Mellon who died within twenty-four hours of the donor, before the building had actually been started. A strange

tale is told of him. During the architectural competition, Pope was so engrossed with his plans that he couldn't sleep; and then, one night, when he had dozed off fitfully, the whole scheme as it was afterward accepted came to him in a dream and he got up and drew the plans forthwith."

"Well! I can't wait to see what's inside." Ann tugged open the heavy bronze and leather door. She gave a gasp of wonder as her eyes rushed through a forest of green Italian marble pillars to a wide bowl-shaped classic fountain, centered under the skylight, from which a bronze Mercury seemed in the act of winging upward, one arm upflung pointing the way. With a clutch at her heart, she thought, "It's the same Mercury who's holding up the lights on the newel post at home."

Incredulously she asked, "Is he really the original?"

"He is one of three that Giovanni Bologna cast for the Medici about 1575. The first one they wanted to take from their garden in Florence to Rome, so he cast this one to take its place. The third is in the Louvre. But how Bologna would have rejoiced to see that, at last, one has been mounted as the fountain he conceived. Some people claim this was the first statue ever designed to be viewed from every side. In any case, you can see how immeasurably this new conception enlarged the field of sculpturing."

"Isn't it wonderful, the way the Mercury sort of dominates this huge room? I feel dwarfed to the size of an ant in here. But how cool the water makes it!"

"That's one up for the moderns," chuckled Constance Allenby. "Mr. Pope wanted the dome left open to the sky, the way it is in Rome, but the engineers vetoed the idea in favor of tidiness and air conditioning that would assure the pictures an even temperature and humidity, and so prolong their lives. But we came to see the collection."

"That's so! Where is it?"

"Housed in the wings, in the most comfortable-sized rooms a gallery could offer. To be sure not all the rooms are in use yet, but time will change that. I'm only going to show you a few to-day, so we'll start with this charming room of Renaissance sculpture."

They made their way to the threshold of a room against whose terra cotta walls busts of marble, bronze, and painted terra cotta were mounted on pedestals, or enshrined in niches such as had sheltered them



ANTHONY VAN DYCK, COURT PAINTER TO THE ENGLISH KING, CHARLES I, PAINTED THIS STRIKING PORTRAIT OF THE MARCHESA BALBI

RIGHT: "PORTRAIT OF A LADY," A WORLDLY VENETIAN BEAUTY WITH RED-GOLD HAIR, BY THE GREAT RENAISSANCE PAINTER, TITIAN



in the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent, each lighted as if by daylight with a beam cast from a small hole in the cornice.

"If a fairy waved a wand," asked Mrs. Allenby, "which would you take?"

"Oh!" The girl's eyes darted from Donatello's Madonna, clasping her dimpled Babe, past the patrician Roman faces, and rested finally on a chubby little boy poised precariously on a large globe.

"This is the one. See, he's imitating Mercury's pose. Isn't he too adorable, with his fat little muscled body and his blown-out cheeks? If I pat him, I know he will be all soft and dimply."

"Don't do it, or a guard will pounce," cried Mrs. Allenby. "He gives them lots of trouble, he's so irresistible to the public. Verocchio fashioned him in 1480, supposedly as a sketch for some larger work for Lorenzo the Magnificent. You can see why the Florentines called the sculptor 'Verocchio,' meaning 'the true eye,' after looking at the reality of that baby."

"What is the baby made of?"

"Terra cotta. Donatello painted his terra cotta statues, but Verocchio preferred the natural sand color."

"*Putto Poised on a Globe*," Ann read. "What in the world is a putto?"

"A cross between a Cupid and a cherub that the Italians dearly loved. The Renaissance pictures are full of them, lurking at the bottoms of canvases, or filling in the upper corners. Verocchio was a painter as well as a sculptor. But most of his pictures were destroyed when the Medici were driven out of Florence, so the heart-shaped face of his Madonna in the Kress collection is as rare as she is unforgettable."

"Aunt, I want to see the most expensive painting in the world—the *Alba Madonna*, I mean."

"Why, you mercenary child! But most people do, though

A PORTRAIT OF EDWARD VI, PRINCE OF WALES, BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER, PAINTED WHEN THE ONLY SON OF HENRY EIGHTH WAS FOURTEEN MONTHS OLD. AS COURT PAINTER, HANS HOLBEIN WAS EXPECTED TO DECORATE FURNITURE AND TO PAINT HOUSES AS WELL AS PORTRAITS OF HIS ROYAL MASTERS



RIGHT: DETAIL FROM A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF BY REMBRANDT. HIS SENSITIVE, SAD, AND THOUGHTFUL FACE IS MODELED WITH LIGHT



BELOW: GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN IS ENCHANTINGLY ARTIFICIAL AND DECORATIVE



"BALTHASAR COYMANS" BY FRANZ HALS, WHOSE ROBUST STYLE WAS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL. HALS IS KNOWN AS A PAINTER'S PAINTER AND HIS PORTRAITS CONTRAST EFFECTIVELY WITH THE EFFETE ELEGANCE OF VAN DYKE'S CANVASES

"THE HOUSE OF CARDS," A DELIGHTFUL PICTURE BY CHARDIN. UNTIL HE BEGAN TO PAINT THE BOURGEOISIE NO ONE IN FRANCE HAD EVER BOTHERED TO PAINT ANYONE OUTSIDE THE COURT. HIS FIRST PICTURE OF PEOPLE WAS PAINTED WHEN A SURGEON-BARBER COMMISSIONED HIM TO DO A SIGN FOR HIS BARBER SHOP





RAPHAEL'S "ALBA MADONNA" WHICH MR. MELLON PURCHASED FROM RUSSIA FOR ONE MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

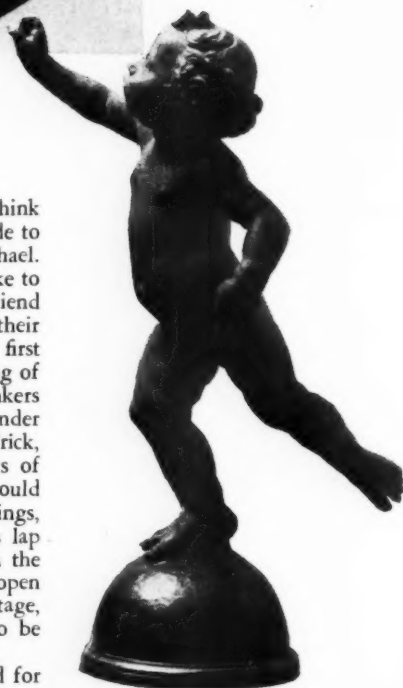
few are so frank about it. Every time I think about its being here, I feel a rush of gratitude to Mr. Mellon for securing that superb Raphael. And seeing this climax of his collecting, I like to think of his first fling in Europe with his friend August Frick, when they went to Venice in their twenties to celebrate the making of their first million. Can't you imagine how the acquiring of those tightly held treasures of the Medici bankers began to lay hold on Mellon's imagination under the tutelage of the young connoisseur, Frick, whose collection is now one of the delights of New York? Having picked up what he could through the years, fancy Mr. Mellon's feelings, then, on the day when Stalin flung into his lap the key to one of the greatest collections in the world. When, for a price, he was willing to open the Russian Czars' treasure house, the Hermitage, to Mellon's choosing. And what a price to be sure—seven million dollars!

"But Mr. Mellon wasn't a financial wizard for nothing. He thought there might never come another chance for America to own such masters—and for his seven millions he bought nineteen rare paintings to complete his collection. We've inherited the *Alba Madonna*, though she cost him one million, seven hundred thousand dollars."

Ann was staring at a round painting, about a yard in diameter, of a clear-eyed, sweet-faced, wistful Madonna, sheltering in her embrace a delicate, curly-haired Christ Child at whose feet the youthful John the Baptist adored. It was painted by Raphael more than four hundred years ago, when he was twenty-six. Against the background of Umbrian hills and a blue, blue sky, he had placed their dreamy beauty, triumphing at last for all time over the baffling problem of making distance and the out-of-doors seem real.

Silently the girl gazed until Mrs. Allenby said, "Raphael always led the eye to heaven, feeling that such a background gave the sanction of infinity to his divine figures."

"She's so beautiful and yet so modern," murmured Ann.



THE IRRESISTIBLE "PUTTO POISED ON A GLOBE" BY VEROCCHIO, WHOSE NAME MEANS "ONE WITH A TRUE EYE"

"I wind my own turban like that sometimes. And the children! They aren't cuddly, like the putto, but more what you would call ideally beautiful."

"Pure beauty was the keynote of Raphael's whole life. Not for him the sufferings of humanity, or the tortures of the crucifixion, but the clear loveliness of youth, or the dignity of age. The Madonna was his favorite subject—and he was the incomparable painter of Madonnas."

"I've just remembered something Dad told me when I studied geometry—that every painter, no matter how he covered it up, chose a geometric design. Let's hunt it here. I see it! It's five-sided—a pentagon, isn't it?"

"So it is! The Florentines excelled in design, and Raphael was the greatest—so imaginative and original that there was no end to the conceptions he furnished his vast school of artisans, weavers, architects, and painters. But, I say, what a wonderful gallery game *that* would make!"

"What? Hunting the design?"

"Yes. The neckline of the Madonna's dress emphasizes the same pentagon. Now Raphael's teacher, Perugino, was a master in that field as well. Let's see if we can ferret out the

geometric design of his *Saint Jerome in the Wilderness*—which I dearly love."

"That's much easier than Raphael! He must have used a high thin rectangle, and look—all the figures in the picture carry it out, each one carefully separated!" Ann made her exciting discovery. "The design here is ever so much easier to find than Raphael's."

"That's because the pupil's work became so much more complex and advanced than the teacher's," Mrs. Allenby assented.

"Well, anyway, that saint has a really wonderful expression. He's—well, he's sort of like a prayer."

"It was because of that touching quality of holiness that every church in Italy clamored for a Perugino painting. One church had to wait twelve years before he could get around to giving it the serenity and repose that his paintings brought, and which even his lion has."

"That's right!" Ann smiled. "But why in the world does he have a lion?"

"It was the symbol of the strength of the Church and it always appeared with Saint Jerome. Hunting the animals and identifying their accompanying

saints through Renaissance paintings might be a lot of fun as a gallery game, too, because the rules on it were hard and fast. If the putti are on your hunting list, Perugino's putti have wings, though the *Putto Poised on the Globe* has none. But let's go over to Venice now and see what they were doing there about this time. And because of your red-gold hair, we'll choose the great master, Titian, first."

It was before Titian's *Portrait of a Lady* that they paused. A young lady, she was, with ripe, full lips and wide-set eyes. She wore a green velvet robe resplendently edged with jewels.

"What do you think of a Titian blonde?"

Ann hesitated. "I thought Titian (Continued on page 42)



LYNN'S EMERGENCY

By MARGARET YOUNG LULL

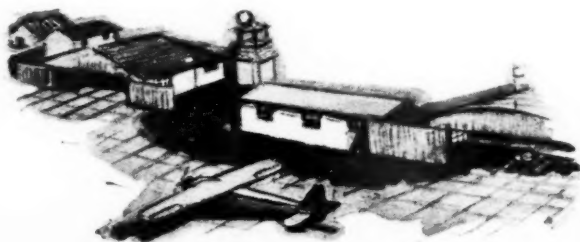
LYNN HARMON, parked on the drive near the Aeronautics School, studied the sky hopefully. There was enough sunlight left to cast a glow on the darkened windows. Only a few pale stars had come out. But one of them, to the north, was moving toward her. That might be Gregg's plane now.

Presently she heard the hum of a motor and saw the plane coming in. A green light flashed from the tower as it circled the field and headed into the wind. Soon it taxied up to the ramp.

Her brother leaned out and shoved up his goggles. "Hello, Pickle," he called. "You're right on time."

Lynn waved. "Hi-ya, Big Boy!" It was always fun having Gregg come home. Generally he stayed near his work, except at week ends, because the best time to poison pests by airplane is in early morning, when still air and dew keep the chemicals from rising. Lucky she'd been at home, when he telephoned

Illustrated by ROBERT A. GRAEF



THE AIRPORT SEEMED A SPECK BELOW

Knowing how to fly a plane was to "be prepared," in Lynn's opinion; her brother, himself a pilot, thought woman's place was on the ground

an hour ago, instead of up in one of the school training planes! That would have been embarrassing. Gregg didn't know yet about her flying lessons.

Her brother got out and came over to the roadster. "How've you been, Lynn? Everything all right?"

"Just fine," Lynn answered. "I wasn't expecting you to-night."

"I came down for Tommy Acker," Gregg explained. "He's going to learn the dusting. Tommy's reckless and too young for such hard flying, but we'll have to use kids now so many of the pilots have been called into the Army. The blight and worms on the crops this year are the worst I ever saw."

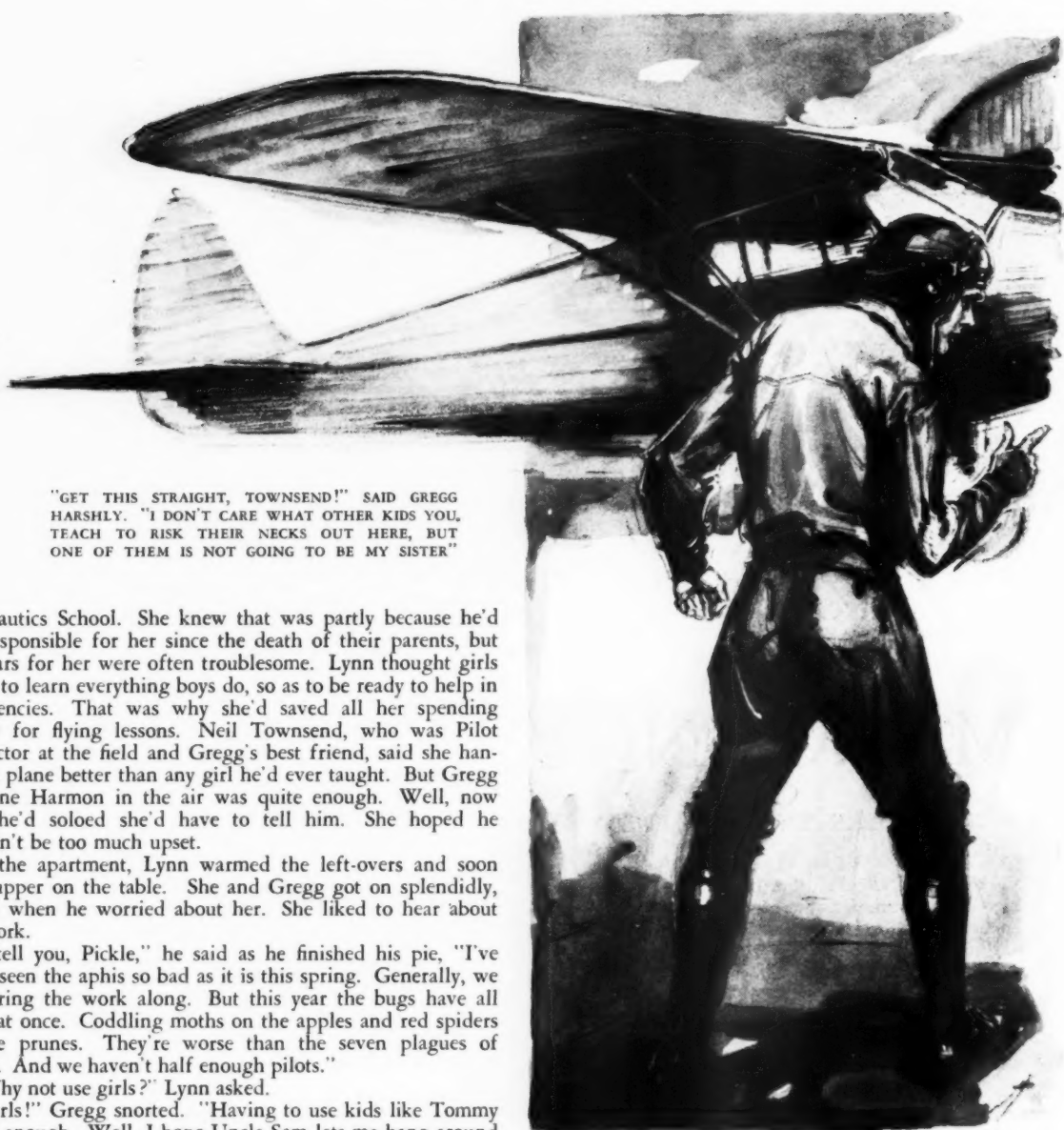
"Tommy's no child," said Lynn. "He's my age. He'll love flying."

"Well, I hope so," said Gregg dubiously. "I want to get him trained before my number comes up in the draft. Whew, but I'm hungry! What's to eat at home?"

"The last of Sunday's roast and some vegetables I can warm in half a jiff. Chiffon chocolate pie—"

"Sounds good to me," said Gregg, climbing in beside her. "I don't know how a kid like you gets to be such a good cook. You drive in, youngster. I've been up ten hours to-day."

Lynn frowned at the steering wheel. Gregg never would get over thinking her a child, although she was a senior in high school and held a part-time job in the office at the



"GET THIS STRAIGHT, TOWNSEND!" SAID GREGG HARSHLY. "I DON'T CARE WHAT OTHER KIDS YOU, TEACH TO RISK THEIR NECKS OUT HERE, BUT ONE OF THEM IS NOT GOING TO BE MY SISTER"

Aeronautics School. She knew that was partly because he'd felt responsible for her since the death of their parents, but his fears for her were often troublesome. Lynn thought girls ought to learn everything boys do, so as to be ready to help in emergencies. That was why she'd saved all her spending money for flying lessons. Neil Townsend, who was Pilot Instructor at the field and Gregg's best friend, said she handled a plane better than any girl he'd ever taught. But Gregg said one Harmon in the air was quite enough. Well, now that she'd soloed she'd have to tell him. She hoped he wouldn't be too much upset.

At the apartment, Lynn warmed the left-overs and soon had supper on the table. She and Gregg got on splendidly, except when he worried about her. She liked to hear about his work.

"I tell you, Pickle," he said as he finished his pie, "I've never seen the aphids so bad as it is this spring. Generally, we can string the work along. But this year the bugs have all come at once. Coddling moths on the apples and red spiders on the prunes. They're worse than the seven plagues of Egypt. And we haven't half enough pilots."

"Why not use girls?" Lynn asked.

"Girls!" Gregg snorted. "Having to use kids like Tommy is bad enough. Well, I hope Uncle Sam lets me hang around long enough to put skids under *some* of the varmints. The country's got to eat, whatever comes."

"Don't forget you have a date with this varmint, Friday evening. Birthday dinner and all the frills. I'm going to be eighteen, Big Boy."

"Eighteen, no fooling? How come you're that old, Lynn? Well, you don't have to cook your own dinner. I'll take you out."

"Not this time," said Lynn. "I thought we'd be cozier at home. I've asked Neil to come. And plan to take Saturday off, so we can go on a picnic." She studied his face. The dinner, with just Neil beside themselves, was part of her plan.

"Any way you like," said Gregg. "I'll come down Friday night. But Saturday's a workday, Lynn. When there's so much to do and so few to do it, a fellow's on the firing line. Besides, dusting brings in good money. I want to leave you a fat little bank book for emergencies when I have to go."

"I don't want a fat little bank book half as much as I want you to take the day off," Lynn protested. "You need some fun. And stop worrying about me. My job'll be full time

when I graduate in June. You've no idea how competent I am. Only yesterday Neil said—" She checked herself, she'd almost mentioned her flying. But that had to be done tactfully. That was why he *must* stay for Saturday. She'd been planning it for weeks.

They'd go for a drive and find a nice spot by the river to eat their picnic lunch. And, on the way home, it would be the most natural thing in the world to stop at the airport to see if Gregg's plane was all right. Then, while he was checking the controls and examining the spark plugs, she'd find a way to broach the subject. She'd even planned the conversation. It went like this:

"Let's go up, Gregg."

"Whew, Pickle, can't you give a man a rest? I've been flying all week."

Then she would answer, off hand as though it didn't really matter, "Sure, I know you get enough of it. But I'll take the stick this time. Neil's been giving me lessons whenever he



has time. I mean to have my private license before long."

Time out, then, for Gregg to fume and fuss and tell her he didn't want her flying. More time for her to persuade him to let her show him just once what she could do. Then, after circling the field and a few dips and glides, he would give in handsomely.

"It surely beats everything—a kid like you!"

It was a good plan—if it worked. Lynn only hoped it would. Now she came back to the present.

"Please stay Saturday, Gregg," she pleaded. "I'll take it for my birthday present."

Gregg got up from the table and patted her shoulder. "That's no sort of a present, Pickle. Sure, I'll take Saturday off, if Tommy catches on so they can spare me—and if my orders don't come. But think up something that's a real present. Something you really want. Well, I have to leave before daylight, so I'll be turning in."

"Good night, Big Boy." Lynn smiled up at him fondly.

She sat with her elbows on the table and her small face cupped in her hands, thinking. Maybe, if she convinced Gregg that she could fly, he'd give her the pair of silver wings made into a clip, which she'd seen in a downtown jeweler's window. Before she dropped off to sleep that night she finished planning her Saturday. Coming in from the airport, Gregg would say again, "Now then, Pickle, choose your present." And they'd drive to the jeweler's so she could show him. The day would end just perfectly. At least she hoped it would.

ALL that week, in her spare time, Lynn worked hard at flying. By Saturday she had to be good, for nothing but a perfect performance would quiet Gregg's fears. She kept flying togs in her locker and went up every day after five. Neil took every opportunity to give her extra coaching.

One day, just before closing time, he stuck his head inside the office door. "Want to go up, Lynn? I've some time from now until six."

"Do I!" Lynn beamed.

"Take her up and show her some tough flying," said Mr. Porter, her employer. "I don't want to lose a promising secretary, just because she can't bail out."

Lynn ran to the cloak room to pull on her trousers and boots and leather jacket. She glanced into the mirror as she snugged her dark hair under the helmet. She did look kiddish, but she'd proved times enough that being small couldn't hold one back. She wound the scarf about her neck as she ran across the field to join Neil. He was bringing out the parachutes. That meant they were going to do stunts.

She climbed into the cockpit, then set the switch while Neil swung the propeller. "Neil," she said, as he climbed in beside her, "to-day, I want to do everything myself."

"Okay," said Neil. "I won't interfere, as long as you're doing all right."

"That's fine. Here goes!"

At first Lynn felt tense but, as she shot the plane forward and set its nose to climb, her muscles relaxed. She felt full

of confidence. Flying was lots simpler than driving a car, because there was the whole sky to turn in. And so much more fun. It was glorious to soar and feel the plane obey her touch. Encouraged by Neil's terse comments of approval, she spiraled up until the airport seemed a speck and the city a child's set of blocks. She skimmed across the sky, cut figure eights and loops, went into spins and pulled out of them. At last she glided down onto the field in a perfect landing.

"Was I all right, Neil?" she asked, her cheeks flushed with triumph.

"Fine," said Neil.

"I'm so relieved," Lynn sighed. "Gregg doesn't know about my flying yet. And I've been scared how he'll take it. You know he says woman's place is on the ground."

Neil laughed. "That's because Gregg is girl shy and doesn't want women mixing in his business."

"But, anyway, he's said it lots of times. And unless I can convince him that he's wrong, we'll (Continued on page 37)

BLUE GEESE FLYING OVER DELTA NATIONAL WILD LIFE REFUGE AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI. CANADA IS THE NESTING PLACE OF THESE BIRDS—THEY WINTER IN THE GULF AREA



LANDING FIELDS *for* BIRDS

SCATTERED over the Western Hemisphere are thousands of bird sanctuaries. Some of them are great sweeps of Government-owned marsh and woodland, others are city parks. Still others are farms and little yards. Being carefully guarded against guns, un-belled cats, and other enemies of feathered guests, these friendly refuges provide homesteads for many birds in summer; they are hospitable winter resorts for other kinds. But I like best to think of the sanctuaries in their autumn and spring rôle—as landing fields for birds migrating between distant homes.

Most people naturally speak of the birds found in their locality at any season, as "their" birds. Whether we live in Canada, the United States, or Mexico, for instance, we are likely to consider robins "our" birds. And certainly the Chicago girl, who discovers a brilliant-feathered scarlet tanager in the course of a spring hike, will think of this handsome aviator as being a special resident of Illinois—which, of course, he is. But the tanager isn't *only* an Illinois bird, by any means. A great many sorts of birds make great journeys or migrations every fall and spring, and in the course of these brave flights they stop over in many States and countries.

The birds which live the year around in Illinois—or New York, Ontario, or California—are really rather few. Sandpipers, purple martins, and many other familiar warm-weather friends spend their winters in South America. Such birds are the truest sort of Pan-Americans. In February, they fly off from Argentine pampas, or jungles in Brazil, to summer homes far to the North. Everywhere between these regions they are only transients, like the tourists hurrying past your home in automobiles. Such birds are ours, all right, but they belong to many other people, too. Residents of virtually every part of the Western Hemisphere have the privilege of watching them at different seasons and observing their habits.



BEFORE NESTING IN A NEW YORK CITY SUBURB, THIS FATHER BIRD—A YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT—FLEW TO AND FROM CENTRAL AMERICA



A favorite nature author tells about those feathered ambassadors of good will who migrate between distant homes in the Americas, and their need of safe landing fields for stopovers on their lengthy flights

By **RAYMOND S. DECK**

Photographs by the **AUTHOR**



CANADA GEESE AND WHISTLING SWANS LEAVE THEIR ANCIENT WINTERING GROUNDS—NOW A WILD LIFE REFUGE—ON THE NORTH CAROLINA COAST, FOR SUB-ARCTIC CANADA

ABOVE LEFT: A KINGBIRD RESTING AT DUSK ON HIS FLIGHT FROM BOLIVIA OR BRAZIL TO SUMMER IN THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA

LEFT: THE GOLDEN PLOVER FLIES ALL THE WAY FROM ARGENTINA UP THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TO SUB-ARCTIC NESTING GROUNDS



and, like as not, it will spend Christmas in sunny Mexico. The blazing red-and-black tanager which flutters through Nova Scotia shade trees in nesting season, changes his cloak to dull green in late summer and flies off to the South. Night after night, he speeds toward steamy jungles in Colombia, resting and feeding during daylight.

After leaving a Dominion of the British Empire at the Maine border, the tanager from Canada is a guest for several weeks under the Stars and Stripes. On the September day when school opens, he may be seen by some girl in Boston; a week later by a Scout in New Jersey; later on by children farther south in the States of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Florida.

Leaving the North American mainland, the tanager now flies off over the misty ocean to island Cuba, then to Yucatan in southernmost Mexico. Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama lie in the tanager's great path to its winter home. Just think how many residents of Pan-America can speak of tanagers as "theirs" in different weeks! If you read these words in late winter, every scarlet tanager in the world is in an orchid-filled jungle, just about ready to start its mighty journey north.

There are so many bird sanctuaries in populated sections of the Western Hemisphere today, that you can almost say a chain of them lies beneath the tanager's trail through the sky. When a migrating bird gets tired and hungry, or when a storm forces it down, there is a fair chance for it to reach a protected landing field. But, of course, few birds know about such places, the way human aviators know about the landing fields maintained for them.

And when the weather turns blustery, or they grow weary with coming daylight, night-flying birds drop down to rest wherever they happen to be. Sometimes they light in city parks; sometimes on hunting preserves in the backwoods. When the courageous travelers do happen to land on a sanctuary where they are protected, where there is food, shelter, and water, I think it must be very pleasant.

Sanctuaries for birds and wild animals are rather new. The idea originated in the New World. When your great-grandmother was a girl, there wasn't one bird refuge in the whole Western Hemisphere. Then America—I mean all of North, Central, and South America—was a good deal like the Garden of Eden. Deer wandered through mighty forests where now are huge cities. Birds flowed through the sky in multitudes so great that we cannot really picture what it was like.

The brave pioneers of the New World were hard-working, serious people, but they were so impressed by the thrilling abundance of birds in the rich wilderness that they often mentioned such wild life in letters to their relatives back in Europe. The Colonists of North America, for instance, frequently referred to passing clouds of passenger pigeons whose wings made a roar like distant thunder. The flocks of wild pigeons were so vast that children ran indoors at their approach, because they thought a storm was coming. When a

flight of gray passenger pigeons streamed directly overhead, the light of the sun was shut out by thundering wings. It must have been frightening, but I should like to have watched those wild pigeons.

Ducks and geese of many kinds, and great snow-white swans, were part of America's early rainbow of birds. The children of Colonial days saw family flocks of glistening wild turkeys marching unafraid past every log cabin in the forest. They saw smoky clouds of waterfowl swarming over lakes and marshes.

Naturally our forefathers killed thousands and thousands of birds. There weren't any stores or markets in those days, so when meat was needed for dinner, the pioneer mother would say to her husband, or to her eldest son, "John, will you please go and kill a deer, or a bear, or a big bagful of passenger pigeons?"

Such hunting was all right. There were so many birds in

Colonial times that a few killed by white men—in addition to the ones shot with arrows by the Indians—didn't make even a dent in the bird population. But as more and more Europeans sailed west across the ocean, and as American families increased, the clouds of birds thinned out a little. That looked ominous.

And the guns of the settlers were no unfriendlier to wild life than other tools—the tools of lumbering and agriculture, for example. Pioneers had to have houses to live in; they had to raise corn and potatoes. So they cut away the great green forests of the East. The wild woods in which turkeys and pigeons nested, on whose nuts they fed, were gradually replaced by trim orchards and gardens. Many marshes were drained to grow farm crops.

Villages swiftly grew into cities. Agriculture spread, as the population increased, until most of the duck-marshes and forests in the country became cultivated land. Not only were more birds being shot by each generation of Americans, but the birds that were lucky enough to escape the guns found it hard to find safe places in which to rear their chicks.

Well, to make a long story short, the New World was pretty well made over by the time your mother was your age. And by the time *you* were born, your great-grandmother never would have recognized the America of her day. By that time virtually the whole wilderness had been converted into tractored farms; dim trails had given way to roaring highways; skyscrapers of steel and concrete occupied the sites of pioneer log cabins.

And the wild life of the New World Garden of Eden? Well, the last passenger pigeon on earth died in the Cincinnati zoo in 1914. Several other kinds of birds were wiped out, to the last specimen, a long time ago. And before your birthday cake had a right to bear even two candles, only a sprinkling of deer, wild turkeys, and snowy wild swans were left alive in the whole Western Hemisphere, except on the remote frontiers of civilization.

But don't worry! To-day there are more birds in the New World than there were some years ago: more turkeys and swans, more little hummingbirds. Also there are more deer. The reason for this is that modern people treat wild life better than our forefathers did. And one principal reason is an international network of sanctuaries.

As long ago as 1903, a few thoughtful Americans saw what was happening to our rich heritage of wild birds and mammals. They realized that if a movement were not promptly started to save what little was left of wild hiding places, a time would come when many other kinds of birds would go the way of the passenger pigeons. On March 14, 1903, President Theodore Roosevelt established a Federal bird refuge on Pelican Island in Florida. It was such a small refuge that it seems odd to mention it after all these years. But Pelican Island always will be important for it was the first national landing field for birds in the world.

Since 1903 great sums of money have been spent for Federal refuges. Millions of acres of shaggy land to-day are guarded by our Fish and Wildlife Service, so birds will have proper places to nest and pass the winters; so migrating birds may rest, unharmed and well fed, during their thrilling flights. Now, no matter how many corn fields and city parks and little yards there are in the United States, we may feel comfortable about the welfare of our aerial pilgrims.

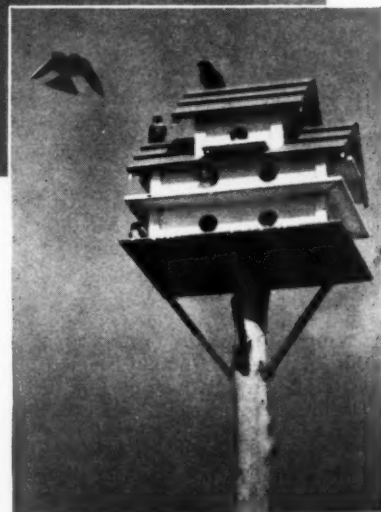
The importance of New World birds has been recognized even by European rulers. In 1916, the King of England and the President of the United States signed a treaty for the conservation of birds which cross the international boundary between the United States and Canada. Under this historic treaty, many huge Federal refuges were created both in the Dominion of Canada and in the United States. And, in 1937, the President of Mexico signed a similar treaty by which safe landing fields are furnished "south of the border" to feathered tourists from the United States and Canada. The minute that treaty was signed, it became possible for a lucky bird of any sort to fly from the Arctic Ocean to the Central American boundary without being harmed by men—provided, of course, it happened to light only on the broad sanctuaries of the three North American nations.

And that was not the end. The Migratory Bird Treaties of North America gradually led to somewhat similar ones with South American countries. In 1940, sixteen republics south of Mexico entered into agreements with the United States to establish national parks in which birds would be protected after they crossed the Caribbean Sea or the Gulf of Mexico.

The roll of these good-neighbor (*Continued on page 41*)

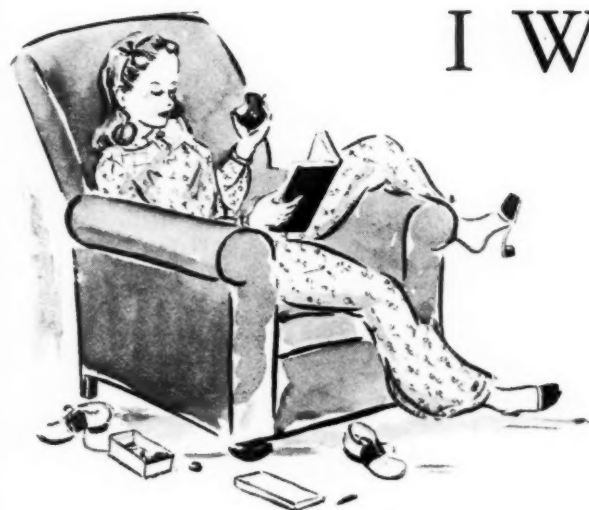


BLACK DUCKS AT SUNSET. MANY SPEND THE SUMMER IN CANADA AND THE WINTER IN THE UNITED STATES



PURPLE MARTINS SPEND THE WINTERS IN BRAZIL AND SUMMERS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. THIS COLONY HAS SET UP HOUSE-KEEPING IN A BIRD HOUSE

Illustrated by PELAGIE DOANE



I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HE
IS TALKING ABOUT, FOR I'VE ON-
LY FINISHED THE FIRST CHAPTER

THIS afternoon, in the three o'clock mail, I got a heavy, oblong, important-looking package. It turned out to be a book named *Sow the Wind*, by John Thomas Mallory. And, if you will believe me, it is autographed to me by the author. His handwriting is distinguished and practically illegible. But I deciphered it and this is what it says, "To Miss Lucy Ellen Downing, with my regards and best wishes. I hope she will sometimes think of me, as I shall often think of her and drink her health in aqua pura and sodium bicarbonate."

Well, when I showed it to the girls, they simply screamed with excitement. Even Fanny was impressed. She closed her science notebook and murmured, "You seem to have made a hit with him. Let's have the details." Really, she looked at me with new respect. I wouldn't sell that moment for a million. Fanny and a lot of those girls think they are so much older and more worldly wise than I am. They thought it was terribly naive of me to imagine that I could make the slightest dent in John Mallory's armor. I'm not saying I did—but at least I'm the only one who has received an autographed copy of one of his books.

"Go on, tell us all," they urged. But I didn't give them any satisfaction. I just smiled mysteriously, tucked *Sow the Wind* under my arm, and left. They'd be surprised if they knew!

Fanny disapproves of me for frequently falling in love with people. She says I'm the giddy, superficial type, and incapable of a true and lasting devotion. She herself is altogether different. The Rock of Gibraltar is fickle, compared to Fanny. I mean, since she first laid eyes on Ted Henderson her heart hasn't skipped a beat for anyone else. It works overtime, you might say, for Ted. In a way it seems sort of noble and unselfish, but wouldn't you think it would be monotonous? If my affections are ever firmly anchored, it certainly will be on someone different from Ted. He's so conceited you'd think he lived on Mount Olympus. Or else in Beverly Hills.

But what I started out to explain is that, since I came to Norman Hall in September, I haven't once fallen in love—un-

A Name

I WON'T FORGET

Lucy Ellen indulges in a bit of hero worship, but discovers that even famous authors have their unromantic moments

By FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

less you count John Mallory, which I think is more like worship. Hero worship, you know. It isn't so much that I am growing more platonic, it's just for lack of a suitable object. Of course, I know Fanny didn't intend to misrepresent anything when she told me about the numbers of attractive boys I'd meet here. I have met numbers of boys—but if you could see them! Of course, being a freshman, I don't have pick and choice like the older girls do. And those who have fallen to my lot have been depressing. They are freshmen, too, diamonds in the rough as it were, and during initiation they had their heads shaved except for a sort of warlock on top. They remind me of those photographs of aboriginal types of men that explorers send to the *National Geographic Magazine*.

One boy, who seems to have a fancy for me, is named Maurice Chaconi, but we just call him Baloney. His vocabulary is very limited. I mean he practically never says anything but "Yeah, man," and "Hottentotter." He wears socks that are red, or green, or purple, and no garters. When he sits down in a chair, he relaxes so completely that it amounts to collapse.

Then there's poor Bunny, always striving to please. We call him Bunny, because Fanny says he looks like the Easter Rabbit. It's because of his peculiar choice of clothes. His best suit is a sort of sky blue, and with it he wears a shirt, socks, tie, and dangling handkerchief in slightly different shades of maroon. His shoes are embossed with flowers. He told me the manufacturer copied them off Pancho Villa's favorite saddle. I wouldn't be a bit surprised. Bunny knows I'm from the South, so he always greets me by saying, "How're you-all, honey chile?" He also says to everyone that I've got the original Mason-Dixon line.

Clint Booth is a breast-beater. We call him Excelsior, because he has a gleam in his eye that reminds you of the hero in that poem. Every time I see him, he's on the verge of making a gigantic sacrifice. First he was going to enlist in the RAF, but now he's planning to offer himself for experimentation to help find a new antitoxin for snake bite. The first step, he told me, is to bare your arm and let it be bitten by one of the deadliest snakes in South America. I notice he hasn't left yet.

Well, I'm just telling you these items to show you that it was only natural that my interest in men revived when I heard John Mallory was coming to lecture to us. The first I knew of it was when his picture and the announcement of his lecture date appeared on the bulletin board in the library. His picture was so handsome that it simply caused a traffic jam in that usually neglected spot. I rushed to look him up in *Who's*

Who in Contemporary Literature, and I found out he's a bachelor and very educated. I mean he was a Rhodes Scholar and he went to the Sorbonne. He has lived in all the glamorous spots you can name, like Peiping and Bombay and Madrid and Ankara. He has written a lot of important books like *Sow the Wind*, which I have been reading this evening. I don't know exactly what he is talking about, but then I've only just finished the first chapter. I think it's about the impending collapse of civilization, or something. Sort of a doomsday effect. But I'm sure it gets more fascinating, if I can just keep on going through the hard part, because he is by far the smartest man I have ever met.

All his books, Fanny says, are so deep that they are practically incomprehensible. I went to get one out of the library before he came, because I thought that—just in case I got to talk to him—I'd like to say something intelligent about his work. I had a frightful time getting one, because a lot of other girls had the same idea. I think the book I got was called *Days of Our Years*. No, someone else wrote that. Maybe it was *Dark Victory*. No, that's a picture show. Well, anyway, it was on that order. Sort of somber. I didn't read much of it, because his picture was on the jacket and it sort of diverted my attention. In a room full of people, you'd be sure to pick him out instantly, I thought.

The first thing you notice is his eyes which are dark and penetrating. I mean you feel exactly like you are under an X-ray, or a fluoroscope, or something. His forehead is high, wide, and handsome, with very heavy brows. His hair, fortunately, is still plentiful. So many intellectuals, if you've noticed, are bald. I thought he looked about thirty or thirty-five. I guess he was, when that picture was taken.

I had a glimpse of him at the moment he arrived on the campus. Mary and I happened to be walking by the president's house when a taxi drove up and he got out. He had on a gray tweed suit, sort of baggy, and an overcoat over his arm. His bags were covered with foreign hotel and steamship

stickers. He paid the driver and we saw him go up the steps and disappear indoors. I sighed heavily.

"I know," said Mary. "He affects me that way, too."

"You know," I said discontentedly, "when you see a man like that, handsome and distinguished and a bachelor, and then compare him with these lads we have to put up with, it makes you feel poverty stricken, don't you think so?"

"You're a little too hard on the boys," she protested. "John Mallory, as a freshman, probably left some things to be desired. They all improve with age."

"That doesn't help us any," I said. "It will take years. Look, their hair hasn't even grown back yet."

THE lecture was to begin at eight. I was in such a twit, I couldn't get my mind on what we had for dinner. It was Friday night, too, and that is when we usually have something a little better than usual—either breaded veal cutlets, or fried oysters, or something more edible than the depressing meat loaf and tapioca pudding, or salmon croquettes and rice puddings, or some such unsavory combination, we usually subsist on. Fanny says I'm too choosy, that Mother and Aunt Susan have taught me to expect too much. She thinks the fare is very good, but, after all, Fanny is no judge of food. I've told you that her mother is a civic-minded woman. I don't mean to be disloyal to Norman Hall, because it is a noble institution of learning, but I must say that if the budget ever gets out of balance, it certainly won't be the fault of Mrs. Hankins. She's the dietician. She counts each calorie, and keeps us just this side of malnutrition.

That night, of course, was an exception, because President and Mrs. Burdett and John Mallory dined with us. I noticed that we had shrimp salad, for one thing, and that was practically unprecedented. But I was so interested in watching John Mallory, I ate absent-mindedly. Meat loaf would have done me just as well. Across the room, that way, he looked just as young and handsome as his picture.

"GO ON, TELL US!" THEY ALL URGED, BUT I DIDN'T GIVE THEM ANY SATISFACTION. I JUST SMILED MYSTERIOUSLY, WITH THE BOOK UNDER MY ARM





WELL, THERE I STOOD BEHIND A HYDRANGEA BUSH, WONDERING WHAT A GIRL SHOULD DO!

Fanny leaned across the table. "Is it a rainbow you see?" she asked. I did not reply.

After dinner President Burdett announced that he and Mrs. Burdett would hold open house after the lecture, and all of us would have opportunity to meet Mr. Mallory. Some of the girls at the table muttered that they didn't think they'd go.

"Not go?" I gasped. "I wouldn't miss it for anything!" Can you imagine passing up a chance to meet John Thomas Mallory? He knows everybody important in the literary world; it's a known fact that he calls James Hilton 'Jimmy' and Ernest Hemingway 'Ernest' and Rebecca West 'Becky'.

"Wait until you've heard a few dozen lectures and met a few dozen celebrities," said Gladys. "You're excited because he's the first."

"She's going to be excited every time," said Fanny. "She's Lucy Ellen, Lion Hunter. Come along, infant! I'm sitting with you during that lecture."

OUR seats were far back, and partly behind a post. Only by craning my neck could I get a good view of the speaker. We had a lot of special guests from the University that night. I knew it was a mistake to sit with Fanny at a lecture on the poetry of John Keats, because nobody is so thrill-proof as she is. "I see, as I expected," she said, "that you are speechless with emotion."

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking at her blankly.

"You know what I mean," she said. "You are agog with adoration. Your heart is on your sleeve."

"You're mistaken," I whispered back. "I like his books. That's why I'm here. I want to improve my mind. After all, my parents are spending money to give me this chance."

"That's right, they are," she agreed. "I wish he would lecture on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, though. The poetry of Keats, combined with the personality of Mallory, is liable to give you a heart attack. And I don't mean angina."

The brown velvet curtains parted. On the stage sat the

members of the faculty, eyeglasses gleaming, and in the seat of honor John Mallory, looking sumptuous in his dinner clothes. President Burdett got up to introduce him. I mean no disrespect to our President—he is a man we all honor. His greatest drawback is that he is a tireless talker. He said that our speaker needed no introduction on an American campus. Nor on a European campus. Nor on any campus in the world where the English language was taught. But, whether or not Mr. Mallory needed one, he gave him an introduction. I mean he talked fifteen minutes. I sighed. Fanny muttered, "Sighing isn't going to help matters. Try yawning out loud." But finally President Burdett yielded the stage to the speaker.

John Mallory got up and stood there, looking relaxed and casual about the whole thing. When he started to speak he didn't raise his voice, he talked very quietly, but even where we sat we could hear every syllable. Well, I've been studying English literature under compulsion for quite a while. I never had found it exciting. In fact I've often watched the clock with a hopeless feeling during class. But

that night was something I'll always remember.

Even Fanny relented, and began craning around her side of the post to see him better. "I wish we could swap Sylvester for him," she whispered once. She was talking about Professor Sylvester Sumter, our English teacher, a dismal soul. I mean he sort of embalms the subject and lets us view the remains.

One poem John Mallory read us was Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. I had read the poem before, of course, but it didn't impress me much. Then, all at once, I got it. I mean, if you were a great poet and in love and knew that soon you must die of tuberculosis—well, naturally, you would think about the sad facts that life is short, that beauty and fame pass quickly, that lovers must part, or even worse grow tired of each other, that nothing we have on earth is permanent. So, naturally, if you came upon a vase that was centuries old and saw carved on it a tree still wearing the tender leaves of spring, and a musician still joyously playing on his pipes, and a pair of lovers still rapturously in love—why, I think you would feel as Keats did. I mean, you'd wish that life was enchanted like that, with no frosts to kill the leaves, no grief to stop the music, no parting for the lovers. You'd cry—like I did—too, I'll bet, if you could hear John Mallory's deep and thrilling voice repeating the lines:

"Ah, happy, happy boughs, that cannot shed
"Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu,
"And happy melodist, unwearied,
"Forever piping songs forever new . . .
"Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
"Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare . . .
"Bold Lover . . .
"Forever wilt thou love and she be fair!"

If Fanny noticed I was crying, she didn't make any sign. In spite of all her wisecracks, Fanny is definitely a lady. I mean she has the instincts of a gentleman. The lights came on, and I wiped my eyes and got to my feet. Fanny took my arm and we went outside. (Continued on page 46)

The Legend of the

Photographs
by courtesy
of the
Library
of
Congress

THE FLORIDA LANDSCAPE SHOWING VEGETATION AND ANIMALS, INCLUDING ONE OF THE EARLIEST DEPICTIONS OF THE AMERICAN TURKEY, WITH THE SHIPS OF THE WHITE MEN ANCHORED IN THE BAY. AN ENGRAVING FROM ONE OF THE TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES OF VOYAGES IN THE INDIES, BY THEODORUS DEBRY (1590-1634)



SOME stories are as old as the human race itself, stories which hold the dreams and hopes of mankind. Such a story is that of the Fountain of Youth. It can be told in a few words—"Somewhere, beyond the mountains, is hidden a miraculous spring or fountain. And whoever bathes in these waters will never grow old, but will always remain both young and beautiful."

Prester John, the fabulous Oriental ruler of an astonishing kingdom, in his famous letter to the Pope at the time of the Crusades, had written of such a fountain. He added that *he* had bathed there six times—and as he boasted he was then over five hundred years old, he was living proof of its powers. Other travelers of Marco Polo's time heard of such a "fair well and great," where the old were made young and the sick were made well.

The legend of the Fountain of Youth was to fashion American History.

IN THE fifteenth century, in Aragon, dwelt a Spanish lad, Juan Ponce de Leon, who from early boyhood had heard of the great deeds of one of his relatives. All Spain talked about that relative, saying that Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, the Marquis of Cadiz, had done this, or had done that—but no one ever praised Juan Ponce de Leon, though he could boast ancestry as renowned as that of the Marquis. The difference, so far as Juan could see, was that the Marquis was rich while Juan was poor; and that the Marquis was riding by the King's side, while Juan was serving as a mere page in a strange household. Never, he thought, would there be any chance for him to win glory, or gold.

So Juan toiled on, envious and discontented. Years later he

Greater even than the lure of gold was the lure of a miraculous fountain that could make men young again. The tale of a legend that influenced discovery in the New World and gave to Florida its name

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

heard talk of a man, Columbus, who was making a voyage westward in order to reach Cathay. The nobles whom young Ponce de Leon heard telling of the voyage laughed and sneered at the wild ideas of the foreign navigator.

But when next Juan heard Columbus mentioned, there was no laughter. Rather there were awe and admiration. For the "mad foreigner" had returned—and he had found land in the west. No, not the cities of Cathay yet, but he was going again. Then, the nobles declared, there would be riches for everyone.

Juan decided that he would sail with Columbus on that second voyage. At last, he believed, his chance had come. He, too, would have both riches and fame.

So when Columbus sailed again, Juan Ponce de Leon, by that time a man of thirty-three, was among the nobles crowding one of the caravels. On that expedition he hoped to find adventure, and to prove his true worth, the strength of his sword arm, and the might of the family of Aragon.

But the voyage was not successful, either for Columbus or for those who accompanied him, and Cathay was not found.

FOUNTAIN *of* YOUTH

The disappointed Juan Ponce de Leon would not return to Spain, but remained in the West Indies. He still hoped for a chance at great adventure, although for a long time he was doomed to disappointment. First he had wished to lead an expedition to conquer part of the island, Hispaniola (Santo Domingo), where he had settled, but at the last moment another leader was chosen. True, after the province was conquered, Juan was put in charge of it, but it was a poor position and not at all the sort of adventurous task he desired.

When the weather was clear, from a hilltop in the province where he had been sent, he could see another island. Natives came sometimes in little barks from that island to Hispaniola.

"Is there gold where you live?" Juan questioned.

"Oh, yes," they answered. "There is much gold."

So Ponce petitioned the governor of Hispaniola to let him go to the island and seek for its riches. The permission was readily obtained, and he found the gold as he had hoped. He named the island Puerto Rico, which means, Rich Port.

"Now," he said, "when I am governor of Puerto Rico, I shall be content."

Naturally he expected that such a request would be readily granted, for he had been the first to explore the new island and it was a custom to give the governorships of new lands to those who discovered or explored them. But, alas for Juan's hopes, when he returned to Hispaniola to request the office,

the King's commission he was now Captain of Land and Sea of Puerto Rico. His step was light and his eyes shone, for he was a leader at last.

Juan's delight, however, was of short duration for soon a second letter was brought him from the King of Spain. The King was sorry, but he had been told by his advisers that Diego Columbus had the right to say who was to be chosen governor of Puerto Rico. Therefore, added the King, he must regretfully withdraw his own appointment. The gold which Juan had acquired, however, was to be his, and his estates in the island were not to be taken away. Moreover, it would be pleasing to the King if he wished to explore some other land.

By this time Ponce de Leon was no longer young. He was almost fifty and there was a weariness in his bones. How could he start forth with the zest he had once known, to explore other lands for the King of Spain? If he were only young again!

The words brought to his mind a foolish tale he had heard. The natives of Puerto Rico had told him about a fountain in a land to the north. It was, they said, a fountain which made old men young. Certainly the idea sounded silly, but still—it might be true!

At any rate Ponce de Leon could not get the story out of his head. He looked northward and the sea rippled quietly. No Spaniard had sailed north as yet. What lay to the north?

All the things he had been told, he turned over and over in his mind. There had been Indians, the natives of Puerto Rico had added, who had sailed north and had never returned. But in some unexplained fashion these Indians had managed to send word that they had found there a beautiful land, an island with miraculous waters.

"What is the name of that island?" asked Ponce de Leon.

"Bimini," was the answer.

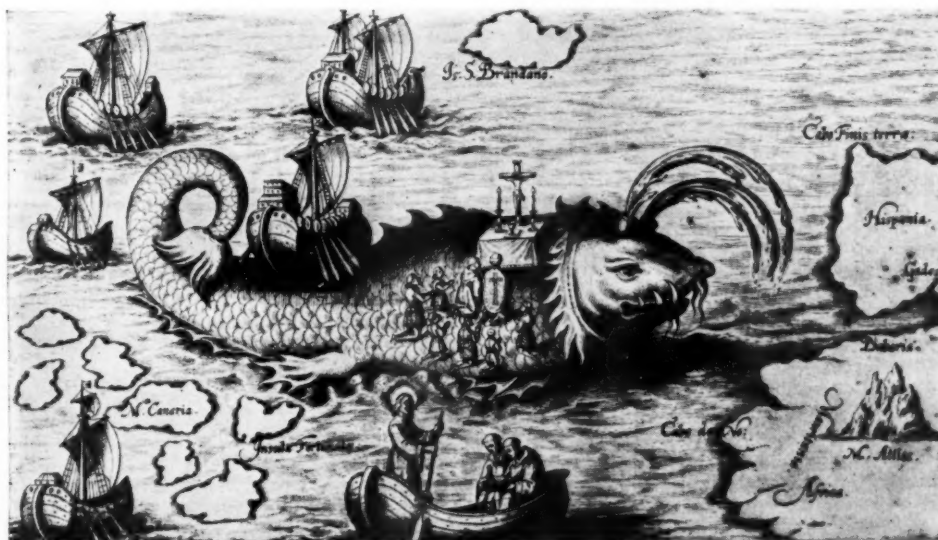
Well, if the King of Spain desired that he should explore new lands, here was one which seemed worth the exploring by any man. As soon as the King sent his

royal permission, Juan sailed northward.

Early in April, the boats came to what Ponce de Leon thought was an island. It was the Easter season and the shores were bright with all sorts of blossoms, so the discoverer called the place Florida—Land of Flowers.

Up and down the eastern coast of that blossoming land the small caravels sailed, looking for the marvelous spring which would restore youth. Finally they rounded the "island" and skirted its western shore.

(Continued on page 49)



THE MONKS OF SAINT BRENDON SAYING MASS ON THE BACK OF A GREAT FISH—FROM THAT CURIOUS PICTORIAL VOLUME BY CASPAR PLAUTIUS, TELLING OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE MONKS WHO CAME WITH COLUMBUS ON HIS SECOND VOYAGE TO THE NEW WORLD, AND PICTURING THAT WORLD AS HE IMAGINED IT

he found a new governor in charge! This was Diego, the son of Christopher Columbus, and Diego was giving positions only to his friends.

"No," he declared in response to Ponce de Leon's request, "I have chosen another."

Then across the sea, from the King of Spain himself, came word that Juan Ponce de Leon was to be governor of Puerto Rico, for the King had heard of his explorations. So Juan returned to the island where there was plenty of gold. Under



SHE FOUND LOFTY IN THE CELLAR, HIS HANDS DIRTY AND A SPIDER WEB ON HIS NOSE

Illustrated by
LESLIE TURNER

it," he replied. "Just fiddling around. Convey yourself to other parts, will you?"

"Why don't *you*?" his sister urged. "It's a splendid, rousing sort of a day. I want to see if the skunk cabbages are up yet."

"Skunk cabbages!" snorted Lofty. "A nasty growth. I'm far too busy to get my feet wet investigating any skunk cabbages."

"They mean that spring's almost here," said Bushy, her eyes shining. "Next there'll be bloodroot—and anemones and dogtooth violets, and next—"

"Next I'll throw you out," interrupted Lofty. "Ouch!" His spring had suddenly snapped at him and pinched a grimy finger.

"What are you fixing?" Bushy pursued, peering. "A gadget to get you up in the morning in time for school? A device to turn off the radio so you won't have to cross the room? A contraption to weed the lawn for you so that you won't—"

"A mechanism to muzzle garrulous and inquisitive younger sisters," cried Lofty, flinging down the spring—which immediately leaped wildly to the floor and clipped him across the ankles. "Ouch!"

"You haven't got it very well trained, whatever it is," Bushy commented.

"Oh, go and play with your skunk cabbages," her brother advised sharply.

"I wanted to walk around the reservoir," Bushy told him. "You know very well I can't go by myself."

"You can see very well that I'm busy," said Lofty firmly, picking up the spring and cramming it back into the shell of the alarm clock.

"Well," said Bushy, giving up the struggle, "enjoy yourself in your own strange way. I shall go and indulge in *my* simple pleasures."

She ascended the cellar stairs noisily, paused momentarily at the pantry cupboard on her way through the kitchen, gathered up her windbreaker in the hall, and proceeded on out the front door—all in one continuous and purposeful motion. The reservoir being denied to her, she walked briskly through a more conservative region, turning her face delightedly to the gusty wind. She was rewarded by discovering smooth red buds on the roadside maples, and swelling sheaths that were almost ready to be pussy willows. Some of these she gathered, for they would come out in water before her appreciative eyes.

They gave her another idea, and she sat down on a convenient wall to think it over, and, this being an appropriate moment, to consume the cheese crackers she had garnered in passing the pantry at home. The idea concerned the redecoration of her room—a project which had occupied Bushy's spare moments for some weeks. She had already painted her book shelves and two chairs a pleasant gray-green, and had

The BITER BITTEN

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

THERE was an exhilarating quality to this fine, windy afternoon in late March that gave Bushy Ryder a more than usually fit and invigorated feeling. Not that she was ever without a sensation of fitness and vigor—but there was something about this keen day with the patches of sharp blue sky showing between gray, scudding clouds, that put her on her toes and made her crave an occupation slightly out of the ordinary. A long walk—around the reservoir, for instance. As this was an expedition which she was not supposed to take unaccompanied, and as no other human being was available save her brother, she sought out Edward Lofting Ryder in order to suggest the plan.

She found Lofty in the cellar—of all places—his hands dirty and a spider web on the end of his nose.

"What a day to be poking around down here!" Bushy cried in shocked amazement. "Spring is coming, my boy."

"This one isn't," Lofty retorted grumpily. "Clear out."

Bushy perceived that her brother was grappling with a different sort of spring—and that he seemed to be surrounded by the vital organs of several defunct alarm clocks, an elderly electric toaster, and other scrambled machinery.

"What on earth?" she demanded. "Are you learning a mechanical job for defense, or something?"

Inexplicably, Lofty's ears reddened. "Not so you'd notice

nearly finished making some new curtains out of a silvery material that she fancied resembled Spanish moss. A cushion for the couch decorated with pussy willows, she suddenly thought, would be soothing and unusual. She could easily chain stitch the stems in dark thread, and then sew on enchanting little fluffs of fuzzy gray wool for the pussies. Bushy was not an expert needlewoman, but what she lacked in skill she made up in enthusiasm, and she possessed the valuable characteristic of never abandoning a project unfinished.

So delighted by her inspiration over the pussy willow cushion that she forgot her rankling disappointment about skunk cabbages, she hurried home to hunt up suitable materials and fly at her embroidery. She bumped into Lofty on the stairs.

"Well, finished with your spring cleaning?" she inquired briskly.

"Very funny, very funny," he said.

"What was that, dear?" asked Mrs. Ryder, appearing suddenly from her room. "Did I hear that Lofty was going to help with the spring cleaning?"

"I'm afraid not," Bushy grinned. "Merely a jest on my part. Mother, have you a big needle, and some dark brown worsted, and some fuzzy gray wool?"

"Mother," Lofty cut in, "have you an old kid glove you don't want, and a piece of clothesline?"

"Good gracious," cried Mrs. Ryder, looking from one to the other of her unpredictable children, "it sounds as if my spring cleaning would be even more complicated than usual!"

In the days that followed, Bushy was touched by the unusual interest her brother displayed in the refitting of her room. As a rule, he never darkened its door from one week's end to another. Now he wandered in, apparently interested to see how the decorations were getting on. He even sat down in Bushy's splint-bottom chair and gazed pensively at the walls and doorway. His eyes strayed meditatively from the cupboard to the book shelves, and thence to the little ledge above the lintel.

"Do you really like it?" Bushy asked, inwardly flattered as she stitched pussy willows.

"Very nice, very nice," Lofty agreed. "Very tasteful. What's that you're sewing on there—caterpillars?"

"Pussy willows," Bushy informed him. "Aren't they recognizable at a glance?"

Lofty peered closer. "Thought they were supposed to be cocoons or something," he remarked.

"Caterpillars!" Bushy chuckled suddenly. "You could say, I suppose, that it was a cat-a-pillow."

Lofty remained unmoved.

"Catkins," explained Bushy, "on a pillow. See?"

"I saw, the first time," said Lofty. "A pun, Beatrice, is the lowest form of humor. Particularly a bad pun."

"If that's the way you feel about it," Bushy commented, "perhaps you'd rather not stay for tea. I was about to invite you."

"Tea?" repeated Lofty. "You mean you serve tea up here?"

"Cocoa," Bushy corrected herself. "I have a little electric jigger and a can or two. Mother said I might. It gives me a feeling of Leading My Own Life."

"Hmph," said Lofty. "Cocoa, eh?" His eyes gleamed, then he suddenly began to look uncomfortable. "No," he decided, "guess I'd better not accept your kind hospitality this time, my child. Got some work I must finish this afternoon."

"That crazy junk collection down cellar?" Bushy wondered.

"What are you going to do with all that stuff?"

"Algebra," replied Lofty.

"You mean it's to help you with your algebra?" Bushy cried, aghast.

"I mean algebra is the work I have to finish," Lofty explained. "Well, so long! Good luck with the caterpillars."

Bushy, much pleased to find him in so amiable and condescending a frame of mind, took a few more stitches and then thrust her needle perilously upright in her cushion cover and laid it aside. The mention of serving tea had set her thoughts irretrievably in one direction, and she busied herself with the delightful occupation of getting out her little stove, her cocoa-tin, a can of evaporated milk, and a package of vanilla wafers. This, she decided, was Life; this was perfect peace and contentment. This was Super.

MARCH, which had come in like the traditional lion, thirty-one days before, went out like the proverbial lamb. April's arrival was characterized by a soft wind and the gentlest of showers. Bushy swore that she could see little green things hurrying out of seed-husk and leaf-sheath—little

Spring sunshine affects Bushy and Lofty in characteristic but individual ways—it's your guess which one pays the piper

LOFTY BARRED THE WAY. "PLEASE GO DOWNSTAIRS," HE IMPLORER, HIS VOICE RISING TO A SQUEAK



things that had only waited for April at the threshold. At her own threshold, on the way to school, she took one gratified look at the mild sun breaking through the pale clouds, and hurried back into the house to get her camera. She had an idea she might somehow meet the spirit of April and photograph her—in the guise of a bursting bud, or an early song sparrow.

She was astonished to find Lofty in her room, but didn't know whether to be annoyed or complimented. He jumped and whirled around.

"Hullo," he squeaked. "Thought you were off. You ought to be."

"So ought you," his sister retorted. "What are you doing in here, anyway?"

"Trying to find a paper clip," Lofty mumbled.

"Sure it wasn't a cookie?" Bushy said suspiciously.

"Certainly not," snapped Lofty. Bushy pulled out a drawer and extracted a paper clip.

"Here you are," she said.

"You'd better get along, my lad. Haven't you exams today?" Lofty shook his head.

"Well, I have," his sister told him regretfully, "worse luck! Poking around all afternoon in school on the first day of spring!"

"The first day of spring," Lofty reminded her instructively, "is March twenty-first."

"Not so far as I'm concerned," Bushy said, hurrying out—and dashing back again to get the camera, which Lofty and his paper clip had again put out of her mind.

He followed her down, but they parted company at the corner of the street—Bushy in pursuit of spring en route to school, and Lofty to see if, by sprinting, he could overtake Marjorie Olmsted, who was always perfectly punctual. Indeed, she was perfect in all else, according to Edward Lofting Ryder.

By putting on a most undignified burst of speed which ruffled his neat hair and set his necktie askew, Lofty did manage to overtake Marjorie not far from her own house. She looked, he thought, most bewitching—with a transparent rain cape over her smart beige suit, and her smile lighting the surrounding landscape like the April sun breaking through the March clouds. This poetic figure, which occurred to him as he posted up beside her, rendered him even more breathless than his running, and it was Margie who spoke first.

"Hello, Lofty! Why, you're perfectly winded. It's not so late as all that."

"Delayed," panted her squire, reaching for the armload of notebooks she carried.

"I'm in no hurry to get there," Margie smiled. "Exam."

"That's what you get for taking all those highbrow courses," Lofty told her. "Though I believe the little sister has some tests to-day, too."

"I suppose there'll be all sorts of tiresome goings-on at school among the young fry," Margie sighed, and Lofty looked at her questioningly. "The date happens to be April first," she explained. "Appallingly silly, I always think."

"Oh, appallingly," Lofty agreed, still puffing. "Quite." "So tediously infantile," Margie went on. "Don't you think so, Lofty?"

"Oh, definitely infantile," Lofty said with sudden fervor.

"I'm so thankful to have reached an age where such things appear to me in their true light," Marjorie continued earnestly, "though I used to like them when I was very young."

"Well, the young still seem to enjoy them thoroughly," Lofty remarked. "What it is to be young! *Heb, heb!*" The giggle had a tolerant, apologetic sound.

"Oh, but some of the pranks are really *cruel*," said Margie, with the tone she used in the Debating Society. "I've come to abhor all such evidences of immature psychology."

Lofty gazed at her with respectful anxiety. "Gosh, you're so *wise*, Margie," he breathed.

And in this exalted frame of mind, they entered the school.

Complaint

BY FRANCES FROST

The rabbit thieves in silver suit,
The muskrat dives in brown,
But I who grow no covering
Must scurry through the town
In summer, winter,
Fall, and spring,
To find my seasonal
Garmenting.

I envy woodchuck,
Fox, and mink,
Who never have
To stop and think
About their clothes, but trot the
world
In coats compact and proud,
Nor have to change to nibble buds,
Or take a drink of cloud.

BUSHY, as she had feared, was late in getting out of school. She was the richer by the knowledge that her answers in the history test were reasonably accurate, and by half a roll of film on which were presumably registered some of the most alluring aspects of the young spring. As she hastened homeward, well content, she overtook Margie Olmsted, who, her brow furrowed by her recent sociology exam, was taking a more leisurely pace.

"Why, hello, Bushy!" she cried in her friendly voice. "What do you find to be busy about, these days?"

Bushy always warmed to Marjorie, somewhat against her will. Margie behaved like a human being toward her juniors, which was more than could be said for Lofty and most of his friends.

"Oh, I've been all steamed up over re-doing my room," Bushy answered heartily. "More fun!"

"Why, so have I," said Margie. "It *is* fun, isn't it? I got so tired of mine—so I've made it rather sweet. Sheer, orchid curtains, and a lot of little doodads that weren't there before."

"Mine's sort of gray-green, with pussy willows and Spanish moss and whatnot," Bushy told her.

"It sounds enchanting," cried Margie. "Why, how original! I'd love to see it."

"Would you?" said Bushy, immeasurably pleased. "Why don't you come along now? I can even give you a cup of cocoa."

Margie glanced at her watch. "I think that would be gorgeous," she agreed.

WHEN the two girls came into the Ryder living room, they found Lofty ensconced there, his heels cocked on the radiator and a book in his lap. He scrambled up when he saw Marjorie, and his expression was one of mingled surprise, rapture, and a certain apprehension.

"This is indeed a pleasure," he exclaimed. "Sit down, sit down, Margie."

"Hullo," Marjorie said. "Just stopped in for a minute to see Bushy's room. She says it's all done over with entrancing new decorations."

A tremor seemed to pass over the frame of Edward Lofting Ryder. Then, with one startled leap, (*Continued on page 39*)

SKY RABBITS *Unlimited*

PART EIGHT

By ELEANOR HULL

LITTLE MATT'S not there?" Mom repeated. "What do you mean?"
Kate hardly knew. "It looks like he hasn't slept in his bed," she said blankly, looking down into two faces carved with apprehension.

Mom climbed the stairs with heavy haste, and looked into the empty room for a long minute. "He's run off," she said, her face ashy. "Unless—Kate, you look through the house, and, Ruthie, see about the barn. He might—he might be hiding."

She followed Kate, who looked in the storeroom, lifted the curtains that concealed closets, and even peered under the beds with a feeling of hopelessness. Then they stood in the hall, staring at each other.

Ruth's pale face turned up to them from the foot of the stairs. "He must have left last night—to look for Song-Dog," Ruth said.

They all avoided glancing out at the falling snow, and Ruth added, "Perhaps he's with one of his friends."



KATE CALLED FROM THE STAIRS

With Little Matt missing, the Brown family face tragedy, but courage and faith win through to a happy ending

Illustrated by CORINNE MALVERN

Kate abruptly ran into her room and pulled her coat off its hook.

"Wait, what are you going to do?" Mom asked.

"I'm going to find him."

"You can't," Ruthie protested. "You're not fit to. Joel will go."

"Joel?" Kate gave a short laugh. "I don't have to run after any man to do my hard jobs for me. Besides, Joel wouldn't know where to go, or how to find Matt like I would. I can manage—"

She broke off, one arm in her coat sleeve. Her eyes sought the wavy mirror over Little Matt's washstand, and she almost expected to see Aunt Elizabeth's uncompromising dark eyes staring back at her. "I am," she murmured, "I am just like her. Oh, Mom!"

In her weakness and worry and sudden understanding, she dropped her head on Mom's shoulder for the first time since she was a little girl—the biggest little girl in school, who was already too big to be crying and could do it only in secret, bluffing away any hurts that came to her in public. "Do you think I should get Joel?" she asked, her voice muffled.

"I know so, dearie," said her mother. "Joel can go around to the neighbors and find Matt right off, I expect."

Mom seemed confident, but as Kate hurried shakily to the rabbit farm through a thick veil of falling snow—thick, dry, cold snow—she felt a pang of stark fear. If Matt weren't at a neighbor's—

Mrs. Ronca came to the door, and her smile faded as she saw Kate's face. "My child, what—what has happened?" she stammered.

Kate looked past her into the room, where Joel had just dropped his newspaper on the hearth. "It's Little Matt," she cried. "He's gone! He went away last night!"

Joel was on his feet in a minute. "You mean—he hasn't come home since last night?"

"No. His bed wasn't slept in. So we know he left last night."

"Isn't he with one of his playmates?" Mrs. Ronca said.

"Mom thinks so," said Kate. "I'm—scared of something else." She told them what had happened the night before.

Joel smacked his palm with his fist. "You're right," he said. "You mean he's gone to the cave—to Sky Rock, hoping to find Song-Dog and save him from being trapped. I'll go up there and see."

Mr. Ronca looked out of his study. He heard the story while Joel got into his leather jacket and boots.

"But, Son," Mr. Ronca demurred, "this snow is deep and falling fast. I wonder if you could get up there, at all. (Don't worry, Kate, we'll find a way.) What about the snowplow?"

Kate waited humbly while Mr. Ronca telephoned. "Yes.



Yes, I understand. But it's urgent. The boy isn't in a state to stand long exposure. . . You'll make every effort? . . All right, I'll call again." He hung up the receiver. "The plow is down the canyon. They don't know when it will get back. They confirmed my opinion that you couldn't get up there now on foot, but they're going to send out a man to try it. So don't worry, Kate. The man may get there and, anyway, the plow will be back soon."

"I'll go around to the neighbors' and make sure he isn't with some of them," said Joel. "And if I don't find him here in town, I'll go up after him."

"No," said Kate. "If someone else is going, there's no need of you going, too."

They walked down the road together until they came to the crossroad, where they parted and Kate went on home alone. Even along the road, where cars had passed that morning, it was hard going. Her ankles ached by the time she had reached her own gate again.

Ruthie and Mom searched her face when she came in. She could hardly tell them. "But maybe Joel will find him over at Chuck's, or somewhere," she tried to reassure them.

"Well, girls," said Mom with an effort, "seems like you'd better finish up your coffee. Won't do no good for us to lose our strength."

They went to the table, where the breakfast had been abandoned, not quite finished, when Aunt Elizabeth's car came. Cold coffee sat dismally under a lavender skim of cream. Kate gulped hers abstractedly.

"When Joel comes—if Joel doesn't find him," she said, "I'm going up to Sky Rock myself. I can't stand just waiting."

"Don't be silly," said Ruthie.

And then Joel came in. He came alone. "Don't worry," he said heartily. "The snowplow will be back in no time, though probably they'll have found him, anyway, before that."

"I'm going," said Kate swiftly, jumping up from the table.

Joel caught her wrist. "Listen, Kate! Be sensible," he said sternly. "You know you can't. Don't you trust me? If there's anything to do, I'll do it."

In her new unsureness she sank down, her forehead in her hands. Quick, decisive action had always been her strength; now this was blocked, her mind spun in useless circles.

"This—this cave where you found the coyote," faltered Mom, "is it big enough so's it would give him any shelter?"

The others didn't look at each other. "If he got there," Joel said, "if he got through, he might be—he surely is quite all right."

He might be. That brought the fear out into the open. Mom's fumbling hand knocked her cup to the floor, and she watched blindly as Ruth swept up the pieces. Joel left, to get news from the Ronca house, and the snow fell thick and soft past the window.

Ten o'clock came, and eleven. Kate plowed through snow to her knees to look after Amelia. She was tired when she got back, her shins aching from the weight each step had lifted. It was strange and terrible to see Mom sitting in her usual chair—not rocking, just stiff and white and waiting.

"I don't see how even the snowplow can get through," Kate admitted miserably to Ruthie. Not to Mom—though, of course, Mom was thinking it, too.

Little Matt. Kate remembered him so vividly as a round, peach-cheeked toddler, scarcely older than Lindalee. She could see him in his first long pants, with a gap in his triumphant grin. Little Matt. How funny he was, how dear, how much he meant to them all! Kate stumbled to the bed and lay for a moment with her face against the pillow. How did people stand things like this? How would Mom stand it?

Then she heard the door bell tinkle. She sat upright, her heart beating furiously. It would be Joel, to tell them about

the searchers and the snowplow. But it wasn't Joel. She sped down the stairs before the door opened, and saw Ruthie usher in Mr. Ronca. He went straight to Mom and took her hand. His face was so sympathetic that Kate's heart almost stopped.

"They didn't get the snowplow," Mom said.

His face was drawn, too, as it had been when Mrs. Ronca was ill. "The snowplow hasn't got back," he answered. "They're stuck, down the canyon. The man who was hunting came back, too. But Joel has gone up to the cave."

A choked cry came out of Kate's throat. "Joel's gone?"

"How could he?" Ruthie asked. "If the other man didn't get through?"

"He went over the hill, on skis," said Mr. Ronca. "He carried skis for Little Matt. He thought he could make it. God knows, I hope so."

MOM, won't you try to drink some tea?"

Kate held the steaming cup close, to try to rouse her mother out of her black silence.

"No — no thanks, Kate."

Silence. The snow outside fell stealthily through the blue dusk. Mr. Ronca had been there twice, and all the other neighbors had come in, come and brought things to eat and eager advice and consolation, and then had gone, baffled by Mom's heavy quiet. Mom seemed a long way off, too far to get back. Kate knew where she was — out in the snow, searching for Little Matt, walking through the snow till she ached, peering through the dusk with eyes that pained. Kate was there, too, looking for that thin, awkward little figure — and for another one, tall and well knit, and topped with black hair.

Six hours. Did six hours mean success or failure? Did six hours mean life or death? She saw a picture of two huddled rolls in the snow. She saw another picture of two tired figures fighting across that fatal uphill stretch. If only she could know, one way or the other!

And then a car stopped in front of the house. It was the Ronca car, and Mr. Ronca's lengthy figure unfolded itself from the front seat. And then —

"Mom," Kate choked, "they're here! They're here!"

Sometime, somehow, during the excitement that followed, Kate found herself crying with her head against Joel's shoulder. As soon as she discovered it she removed herself hastily to some distance. "Well, for goodness' sake, what

took you such a long time?" she asked tartly, in the face of Joel's haggard amusement.

Joel and Little Matt looked at each other, a long look, man to man, that included memories they could share with no one else.

"It was pretty tough," said Little Matt, enduring his mother's ministrations of oil and brisk rubbing with a laconic poise which made his sisters stare. Was Little Matt growing up? "And, gosh, I was sure getting cold when ole

Joel came up on his skis. Couldn't hardly talk, either of us. But we beat it down the hill—I didn't hardly fall down, either, 'cause, gosh, I knew I couldn't—and then we had the tough job of gettin' up the hill again. I'd never made it without Joel."

"We'd neither of us have made it, if the skis hadn't distributed our weight some," Joel said grimly.

"And, gollics —" Little Matt's tired voice was almost reverent — "I — I seen him. Early this morning. Song-Dog. I yelled at him, and him and the other one just streaked. I thought — why did he need to run like that? It's just like Aunt Elizabeth said, he's forgotten all about me. Then Joel came, and he told me. The other one was Song-Dog's mate, and pretty soon Song-Dog'll have some pups of his own. Maybe he'll never remember me again, but, gee, some way thinking about his pups made me feel good."

Joel gave Matt a clump on the back. "You need some sleep, now, old boy, and so do I. We'll be seeing you to-morrow."

The Browns ate dinner happily in the warmth of the kitchen, Mom plodding upstairs often to hover around the sleepy

Little Matt with steaming bowls of soup, and hot bricks.

MORNING was slow and luxurious with relief. Neighbors kept running in, and Little Matt held court in his room, treble and bass little-boy voices as a chorus, and the hero nonchalant and casual.

After mid-day dinner, Mom said, "Well, we better get ready for the preaching, now."

"Oh, Mom," Kate protested, "not *this* afternoon! We're too tired."

"Don't you feel like worshipping God to-day?" Mom asked sternly.

"That does make it seem different," Kate admitted slowly, after a shame-faced pause. "I'm glad (Continued on page 31)

The Story So Far

Kate Brown, just graduated from high school in the tiny Rocky Mountain town of Sky Rock, believed her Aunt Elizabeth, dean of women in a Kansas college, would help her go to college, too. But her aunt refused, saying that anyone who really wanted an education could manage it. How, was the question. Kate's mother, a widow, supported the family — herself, Kate, fifteen-year-old Ruth, and eleven-year-old Matt — on a small pension, and there were no jobs in Sky Rock, unless Kate should do housework for the Roncas, newcomers who had started an Angora rabbit farm. She decided to try it.

Life in the cultured Ronca home was a revelation. Kate enjoyed the new interests, loved the rabbits so much that she wanted a rabbit farm of her own, and was drawn to Mr. Ronca and to Joel, an attractive but unhappy boy whose ambition had also been thwarted. Mrs. Ronca, however, did not like headstrong Kate; the two frequently clashed, and Kate was soon asked to leave, gentler Ruth taking her place.

Kate considered herself lucky to secure a position as janitor at the schoolhouse, to Joel's disgust. She had saved her wages, and when Matt's adored tame coyote, Song-Dog, killed one of the valuable Angoras and had to be turned loose in the hills, she insisted on paying for the rabbit. The Roncas, however, would only take her money as part payment for enough Angoras, on credit, to start her farm; and Kate, in gratitude, gave Mrs. Ronca for Christmas some antique Navajo rugs her grandfather had left her. Again she saved her wages and paid her debt, with enough left over to take her baby cousin, Linda-lee, who needed medical care, to a specialist in Denver. But the child had to have a brace costing fifty dollars — and to get it, Kate sold back her rabbits to the Roncas.

Aunt Elizabeth, on the lookout for a site for a summer school, came presently to Sky Rock. She found the Brown family down with chicken pox and flu, and nursed them through it, although she was so bossy and so cruelly candid — even telling Little Matt, to his anguish, that Song-Dog had probably been trapped — that they were all glad to see her go. Her visit made Kate realize that some of her own characteristics were like her aunt's, and she decided to do something about her bluntness. Then Little Matt disappeared.

Lessons in Resourcefulness ARE

Camp Chaparral in California is one of many Girl Scout camps where girls learn self-reliance and democratic living—valuable lessons at any time, but particularly so when our country is at war



KNOWING HOW TO CHOP WOOD AND BUILD AN OUTDOOR COOKING FIRE IS STANDARD KNOWLEDGE FOR CAMPERS AND A PRACTICAL SKILL WHEN EMERGENCY REQUIRES IT



LEFT: A BY-PRODUCT OF THE PLEASANT AND INTERESTING IN KEEN OBSERVATION. RIGHT: GIRLS SEEM TO BE SAYING AS THEY STAND



CAMPERS LEARN TO COOK THEIR OWN MEALS OUTDOORS, TO PLAN AND PREPARE FOOD FOR LARGE NUMBERS—A SKILL THAT HAS ALREADY PROVEN ITS VALUE IN BOMBED-OUT TOWNS IN ENGLAND AND AT PEARL HARBOR



IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT THE BOOKS IN ADDITION TO WIDENING HORIZONS—GIRLS PROVIDE STORIES TO READ ALOUD AMONG

LEARNED AT GIRL SCOUT CAMPS

Camp life and the comradeship of camp are fun—but also important are the useful outdoor skills girls learn, that help them achieve the purpose stated in the Girl Scout motto—"Be Prepared!"



THE PLEASURE HOBBY OF BIRD-FINDING IS TRAIN-
RIGHT: "SEE IT HERE," THESE THREE GIRL SCOUTS
EY STAND THE GUIDEPOST TO THEIR FAVORITE CAMP



AN OVERNIGHT HIKE IS AN ADVENTURE AND A LARK AT
THE SAME TIME, BUT IT'S ALSO VALUABLE EXPERIENCE
IN LEARNING HOW TO BE SELF-DEPENDENT OUT OF DOORS



THE BOOKS AT CAMP IS A POPULAR SPOT, FOR BOOKS—
ING HORIS—GIVE PRACTICAL HOW-TO-DO ADVICE AND
ALoud FRIENDLY GATHERINGS AROUND THE CAMPFIRE



WASH DAY IS A REGULAR
PART OF CAMP HOUSE-
KEEPING, BUT INSTEAD OF
BEING A CHORE, SCRUBBING
ONE'S CLOTHES OUTDOORS
IN COMPANY WITH FRIENDS
DOING LIKEWISE BECOMES
A JOLLY OCCUPATION AND
A REAL SATISFACTION, TOO

KEEP HOUSE IN CAMP *with Equipment*



THRIFT is the fashion these days—and making your own pots and pans, dishes, spoons, and camp furniture from materials you find about you can be fun as well as fashion. The lowly tin can comes into its own in this time of aluminum shortage, when a pair of skillful hands wields the magic wand of the tin shears to convert it into a skillet, a kettle, or even a miniature stove.

There is not much more tin in a tin can than there is lead in a lead pencil. In most cases, the can is made of black iron with a thin coating of tin. Because this tin is so hard to reclaim, and because detinning facilities exist in only a few areas, the War Production Board has not inaugurated (at this writing) any general salvage program. Therefore tin cans are yours to use, unless you live in a community where collection of tin cans for detinning has been announced.

There is no limit to the variety of things that can be made from empty tin cans, when a girl with imagination gets down to work. Here are a few examples of things you might like to try:

Beginning with the simplest, let's make a pail for carrying water, or for cooking stew over a campfire. Get a number 10 tin can, the kind that can be had from restaurants, hotels, or the camp kitchen. Remove the top, leaving as clean an edge as possible, and tap down the rough spots with a hammer. Wash the can thoroughly in hot soapy water. Punch a nail hole in each side near the top, straighten out a light-weight wire coat hanger with a pair of pliers, cut off a piece the length desired, insert the ends in the two nail holes, and curve to form a handle—and there you are! Before you cook in your new pail, however, be sure to heat it thoroughly over the fire and wipe it out inside with a paper towel to remove any lacquer that may be in it. Of course, if you want to keep it shiny and new looking, you will rub yellow soap all over the outside before you put it over an open fire. If you do—when dishwashing time arrives, off comes the soot like magic!

The next step is to learn to use tin shears. Get a pair of good ones, if you can—they cost about a dollar at a hardware store—but if your budget is limited, the ten-cent store variety can be used. Always wear a pair of heavy cotton gloves (they cost a dime) when you are working with tin, to protect your fingers from the sharp edges.

A tin-can stove on which you can cook bacon, eggs, pancakes, and other things can be made from a number 10 can very simply. Remove the top. This time the bottom of your can becomes the top of your stove, and the open top becomes its base. With your tin shears, cut a door about 4 inches across and 3 inches high at the base of your stove. Cut another hole on the opposite side and near the top of the stove, to form a flue. This second hole may be cut with a punch can opener (the kind that is used in opening cans of liquids) by overlapping two triangular punch holes close together. On a firm, level spot, build a tiny fire of twigs and tinder. After the fire is going well, set the stove over

it and watch the smoke come out the chimney. Heat it first, wipe off the flat top, and you are ready to cook bacon. One word of warning—be sure to have lots of fuel handy, as it burns very quickly and there's no time to run for more after the cooking starts.

A skillet calls for the third step in skill—and a little more in the way of tools. Use a number 10 can again. Draw in pencil a line around the sides of the can, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the base. Draw perpendicular lines, $1\frac{1}{4}$



TIN CAN STOVE

inches from each side of the seam, from the top of the can down to the horizontal line around the bottom. This will be your handle. With tin shears (I hope you have your gloves on at this point—you will need them) cut along the lines on each side of the seam, and then around the can, being careful not to cut away the up-and-down piece. You could bend back the strip for a handle and use the skillet at this stage, but it is safer to "hem" all the edges to avoid being cut by the sharp tin. "Hemming" is done by snipping into the tin all around with $\frac{1}{4}$ inch cuts, about an inch apart, then folding the edges back with pliers. By placing the can over the end of a log and tapping the edges gently with a hammer, the hem can be made firm and neat.

Now that you know the trick, try making cups, nests of kettles, spatulas, and other utensils with various sizes of cans. You can find pictures of things others have made in *Arts and Crafts with Inexpensive Materials*, (50c), and *Suggestions for Winter Camp Program—A* (15c). Both of these may be obtained through Girl Scouts, Inc.

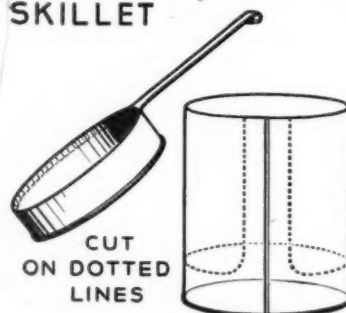
A coffee can, with snug-fitting lid, can be made into a corn popper by punching holes all over it and fashioning a tight fitting handle of stiff wire.

As you become a skilled outdoor cook, you will want to experiment with baking in a reflector oven. Make the oven from a cooky can, lard can, or other round can with tight-fitting lid. Remove the lid and make a cut lengthwise to about 1 inch from the bottom, then, at a right angle to your vertical cut, make a cut about one third of the way around the can. Bend back this metal piece to the inside of the can—as in diagram—to form a shelf. Replace the lid, lay the can on its side with the open side toward the fire, and you are ready for your baking. Place your biscuits on the shelf, and place your oven on the side of the fire from which the wind is coming.

On the other side of the fire, drive two stakes slantwise from the fire. Against them, toward the fire, pile a series of green logs which will throw the heat back toward the can. (See diagram on opposite page.)

An outdoor meal is almost always fun, but the food tastes even more delicious if you are using a wooden hike plate you made yourself. A piece of bass-wood, 10 inches square and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick, is ideal for hike plates, but other soft wood and other sizes may be used. Draw a simple design on the wood, such as a leaf, making it the size you want your finished plate to be. Cut out the general outline with a coping saw, and be sure to have the stem curl back toward the leaf to form a handle. Carve the bottom of the plate with the details of your design—the veins and curves of the leaf. On the other side, gouge out with jackknife or wood-carving tools, a shallow depression in which the food may be served. Sandpaper thoroughly and finish with heat-resisting varnish. A spoon and a fork from a little harder wood—for instance,

SKILLET



cedar—can be made to go with your hike plate for the perfect outdoor meal.

If you would like to make other dishes for outdoor use, gourds and coconuts present interesting possibilities. A cup or bowl made from half a coconut shell, with a leather thong strung through a hole in its side, can be worn from your belt. Saw the coconut in



WOODEN PLATE



YOU MAKE YOURSELF

Another "How-to-Make" article by MARGARET CHAPMAN

Girl Scout National Staff

Illustrated by RITA PRICE



A SHELF MADE OF LASHED BOUGHS IS A USEFUL ADDITION TO THE CAMP KITCHEN. A TIN CAN KETTLE WITH A LONG HANDLE AND A REFLECTOR MADE OF GREEN LOGS ARE ALSO BEING USED BY THESE SCOUTS

two and clean out the meat and inside fibre with your jackknife, sandpaper, and steel wool. Be sure to do a thorough job of it, for the inside fibre is bitter and will ruin your soup if you fail to remove it. Smooth off the outside fibres with your knife, to make the bowl more attractive.

Gourds come in odd shapes and sizes, and offer all sorts of opportunities to the girl with imagination. A long, curved gourd may make a dipper, a small, round one with a short, curved neck may become a cup, and a wide, squat one, a jar or bowl. Dry the gourds thoroughly before using. When they feel light and the seeds rattle inside, they are dry enough to use. Cut away the section that makes your opening—the top or the side—with your knife or a fine saw. (Gourds split easily—handle with care.) Clean out the seeds, and scrape, sandpaper, and rub with steel wool inside, until all of the dried pulp and inner "skin" are smoothed away. The inner, papery layer is very, very bitter, and all of it must be removed if you are to enjoy your gourd dish. A coat of shellac, inside and out, for waterproofing is the last step.

When you go on trips, cooking your meals along the trail, you will need waterproof cloth bags in which to carry your flour, sugar, and other foods. To make these bags, use a heavy grade of unbleached muslin. Cut a circular piece for the bottom, sew a strip of material to this circle to form the sides of the bag, stitch the ends of the strip together, and hem the top, running a draw string through the hem. The size of the circle and the width of the strip will determine the size of your bag. Make several bags of different sizes to carry varying quantities of food. To waterproof the bags, spread them on a table and rub the entire surfaces, thoroughly and evenly, with paraffin. Iron with a moderately hot iron to

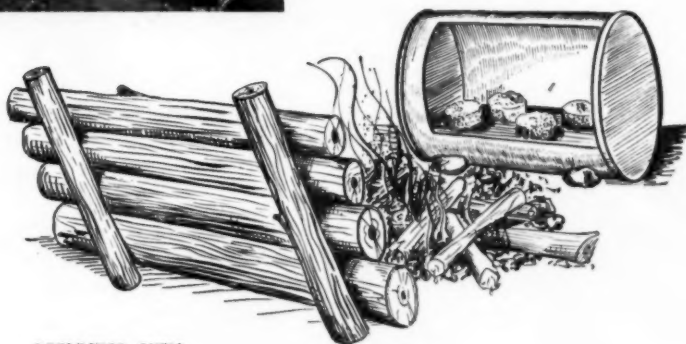
make the paraffin penetrate the cloth, and your bags are finished. To label them for use on trips, get a set of metal-rimmed tags and mark them with India ink—*Flour, Cereal, Sugar* etc.—and shellac when dry. These may be attached to the drawstrings as you pack your food.

When you cook out in wet weather, or drop matches in the bottom of your rowboat, the problem of getting a fire lighted becomes a serious one. Prepare for such an emergency by having on hand some waterproof matches. All you need is a box of ordinary kitchen matches—the strike-anywhere kind—some shellac and some denatured alcohol. Dilute the shellac with a little alcohol (you will have to experiment to determine how much); dip the head and half of the stick of each match in this solution and lay it on a newspaper to dry. If your solution is right, the match will strike even after thirty minutes of soaking in a cup of water.

If you are planning to make your home in a tent, or cabin, you and the girls who share it with you will want to furnish it with the simplest and most appropriate things. One of the nicest aspects of camp living is being away from the clutter of civilization, so don't make the mistake of building up a new set of "unnecessaries" to hamper you in camp. A

cot, a place to put your clothes, a place for your toilet articles and personal belongings, a trash basket, and perhaps a stool will complete your camp furniture. The cot is usually furnished by the camp, and your clothes can be kept neatly in your suitcase under your cot. To get the suitcase out easily, without scratching it, try making a suitcase rack of four light-weight boards nailed together like a picture frame, with casters at the four corners. The suitcase rests on this, and slides back and forth smoothly on the casters. The frame also serves to lift the suitcase off the floor and to protect it in damp weather.

A stool can be made from a cross-section of a 10 or 12-inch log. Saw a 3-inch section from the end of the log. On one side, bore three evenly spaced holes with a brace and bit. Cut three strong legs from a small tree, approximately 1½ inches in diameter, whittle down one end of each and drive them into



REFLECTOR OVEN

the holes. If the holes have been bored on a slant toward the center of the log, the legs will spread at the base like a sturdy milking stool. Saw the ends of the legs to make the stool rest evenly on all three. This kind of furniture is much easier to make in camp than at home, as you are more apt to have the necessary tools available, and a counselor can help you select your tree with conservation rules in mind.

Wastepaper baskets can be made in many different ways. Try to create one for your tent that looks right in the woods, and that is made of the things you find around you. Bark from a fallen tree, fastened around a number 10 tin can with raffia, makes an interesting one. If the bark is brittle, or slippery on the can, a few nail holes around the can for the raffia to thread through will help. In this same way, using low coffee cans instead of number 10's, lovely fern pots can be made to decorate the dining room table.

A dressing table made from an orange crate is a familiar sight to campers. A can of paint and a yard of cotton print material will transform the orange crate into an adequate place for your personal articles while in camp.

Learning to live comfortably and neatly in camp with such simple equipment is part of the test of a good camper.



"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS, III—drawn by ORSON LOWELL

Win a prize by naming this Comic. For rules, see page 36

SKY RABBITS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

you helped me to see it that way, Mom."

They were met at the door of the school-house, where services were always held, by Lena, beaming, and in her arms was Lindalee. They had got home just before the storm—wasn't it lucky?—and Lindalee had gained two pounds.

Lindalee held out her arms to Cousin Kate, and in her less pointed little face was the beginning of a healthy tan and rose. Kate took her, cumbersome brace and all, and held her with a strange feeling of happiness and shame. Happiness at this blooming of Lindalee; shame, somehow, because Aunt Elizabeth had helped cause this transformation. Aunt Elizabeth, the sore point.

The service began no different than usual, though Kate's professional eye deplored the smudge of coal dust under the glowing stove—Locia had been substituting for her during her illness. Ruthie played, the audience sang, not keeping well together, and Mrs. Gerber's voice quivered through and beyond in the way that had caused Little Matt, until recently, to cringe and cover his ears.

Then something different happened.

Kate, according to custom, craned her neck to see who was coming in. It was the Roncas who had never come to church in Sky Rock before. Mrs. Ronca came first, small and nervous, in her fur coat. Mr. Ronca followed, his well tailored overcoat looking out of place. Joel came last, very neat in a dark-blue suit, with his heavy coat over his arm. They sat down in the row behind the Browns.

"Roncas," whispered Mom in the tone of one saying, "Will wonders never cease!"

Halfway through the sermon, she whispered again. "Reckon I should ask Roncas for supper, along with the Reverend?"

Kate stared for a moment, imagining the confusion of their dining table, with its odds and ends from dinner and its collection of pickles and jams. How different from the serene composure of Mrs. Ronca's table! But she hesitated only a moment. "It would be nice," she whispered back.

The Roncas accepted immediately, and there were eight of them walking home where four had walked to church.

Kate didn't feel ill at ease at that supper. She passed the pickles in Mom's ten-cent-store cut glass with no feeling of apology, wondering why it was so. Probably it was going through anxieties together that melted down the walls between people. Mr. Archer was flushed with pleased interest in his conversation with Mr. Ronca; Mom was telling Mrs. Ronca how she made her strawberry sunshine preserves; and the young people just ate, in comradely silence.

When Kate started clearing the table, Mrs. Ronca even followed her to the kitchen, carrying a load of dishes. "Kate," she said hesitantly as she put them down on the splintery drain board, "I want to tell you something."

"That's funny. I want to tell you something, too," said Kate, feeling shy.

"It's about Joel. He's decided to go to Harkness next year."

Kate's hands clasped in delight. "Why, how wonderful! What made him decide?"

"He says he feels now that he can make something of himself, wherever he may go to college; that it is a person's own effort that counts; that he is lucky to have the chance.



"You'd think I had measles!"

Really a honey, Jen. Easy on the eyes. Smooth dancer. Yet you'd think she wore a quarantine sign, the way the boys leave her alone. Where is it, Jen? . . . your sparkle, your "gir".

How's about this food proposition? Maybe you're not eating properly. Maybe that's the difficulty. Hard to be full of life if you don't tuck away plenty of nourishing food.

Now don't get the wrong idea. No need to polish off a twelve-course breakfast. Just tumble some sunny-gold Wheaties into a bowl. Fill up the bowl.

Add strawberries, or a banana. And float the works in milk or cream. There's a breakfast for you! Spring-like as that first April shower.

Plenty O.K. in the flavor department. Nourishment—ditto! Three champion foods: milk, fruit, and good whole wheat. Flakes of 100 percent whole wheat. That's Wheaties. Vitamins, minerals, proteins. Food energy. (Things you need.)

Don't sit life out on the sidelines. Head for the fun. Start eating right. Start, tomorrow, with a Wheaties breakfast!

Special offer! Get handsome mechanical pencil, shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Yours for only 10c and one Wheaties box top. Offer good only until June 1, 1942. Send now to Wheaties, Depr. 1770, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



A DAY OF FUN IS WELL BEGUN WITH

WHEATIES

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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Your fingers will be as lovely
as jewels; and this polish
"stays on" amazingly

Thousands and thousands of women know the special brilliance and beauty and luster and life, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish. No other polish ever became so popular, so quickly. The blessed way it sticks to your nails—the happy surprise that it doesn't get dull and ugly-looking for days on end—doesn't "peel" or "fray"—is all because of a special ingredient in Dura-Gloss, CHRYSTALLYNE*. This wonderful substance gives Dura-Gloss its lovely sparkling highlights, and unparalleled adhesion-qualities. Enjoy Dura-Gloss, its gleam, its sparkle, today!

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3 New Colors
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It's **DURA-GLOSS** *for*
the most beautiful fingernails in the world

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All the things his father and I had tried to make him see. But what made him realize the truth of it? Don't *you* know?" She smiled with an expression that made Kate's cheeks flush.

"It wasn't I," she said. "But maybe the people here in Sky Rock—seeing how little they have. He's been mixing with us, you know, like one of us—lately."

"I know, and that's what his father and I have been missing," said Mrs. Ronca. "We shan't from now on."

Kate stacked plates, thinking, "Next year, then, he'll be gone." Joel—gone. And not only dark-browed Joel, with his brooding eyes and his humorous mouth, she suddenly realized, but all the sparkle and expectancy of life to her.

"That's not all I have to say," went on Mrs. Ronca. "How would you like to go to Harkness, too?"

Kate whirled, her hands pressed together. "But—but I can't. I couldn't," she gasped.

"Kate, I did a very questionable thing," said Mrs. Ronca, speaking fast. "I—I'll never part with one of those rugs you gave us, the bayeta, though it's the most valuable of the lot. Because it means so much. But—but I couldn't help feeling it was wicked for me to keep the others, when they might do so much for you. So I—I found out from an expert what they were worth and—and he wanted to buy them, so—so, Kate, if you can ever forgive me, I have enough for your first year's tuition at Harkness. And I've written one of my friends, a professor's wife who lives near the campus, and she would love to have you live with her and earn your room and board."

She stopped, all out of breath, and eyed Kate fearfully. She looked so like a child that Kate, her heart overflowing, bent and kissed her.

"And what were you going to tell me?" Mrs. Ronca asked, as they went back to the living room, flushed and confusedly happy.

"I was going to tell you that I know now—that I realize I'm just like Aunt Elizabeth, and very hard to live with. And I was going to ask you to forgive me," said Kate.

Ruthie was playing and everybody was singing except Joel who sat on the couch shuffling through a magazine. Kate had half-consciously avoided him all evening, but now she sat down beside him. "Joel, it's wonderful," she breathed.

"We'll go together, then—Brunhild?" Joel asked, looking down at her. "We'll go together." His eyes were warm, but he couldn't know—or could he?—what the name meant to the big young girl.

"The only cloud in the whole sky," said Kate, when she could speak, "is Aunt Elizabeth. And—and me. How unhappy I must have made her! And then, besides, I spoiled the chances of the summer school—which would have been such an opportunity for Ruthie, and such a fine thing for all of Sky Rock. I can't get over that. I never can."

"You can make it up to Aunt Elizabeth next summer," comforted Joel.

"Oh, I don't think she'll ever come back—after I practically turned her out of the house," cried Kate. "How could she?"

"She'll come back, and the summer school will come, too," said Joel. "I know."

"You—know? How can you?" she stammered.

"Because I know Aunt Elizabeth would always do the right thing," said Joel. He smiled at Kate with the smile that made his face as fine and happy as it was meant to be. "Because, Kate, she's so much like you."

PRIZE-WINNING FASHIONS

designed by high-school girls

HIGH-SCHOOL girls have their own ideas about clothes. That's why they welcome the chance to serve on their local stores' high-school fashion boards, to keep store buyers in touch with clothes needs and wishes of teen-age girls. That's why thousands of high-school girls all over the country submitted sketches in the design contest sponsored by "Hi-School Board Fashions." The designs were submitted through one hundred and seventy prominent stores in key cities in every State, and thirty winning designs were selected by the judges—fashion editors of leading magazines. The winning designs have been made up by the ten manufacturers comprising "Hi-School Board Fashions" and will be featured in stores throughout the country. On this page we present fashions created from some of the winning designs that appealed to us. You'll be seeing them in the shops!



1



2



3



4



5

1. The starched, turn-back cuff on this white piqué hat is cut with a victory V and banded in red and blue. Designed by Jenny Franklin of Niagara Falls, Ontario, who wins one of three grand prizes, a five hundred dollar scholarship to the Laboratory Institute of Fashion Merchandising in New York City

2. Water-repellent cotton gabardine is used for this raincoat, with its four pockets, tie belt, and youthful turn-over collar. Designed by Meryl Smalstig of East Detroit, Michigan

3. White piqué bows add a crisp touch to this full-skirted, blue-and-white checked gingham-seersucker, with new square neck and lowered waist-line. The design won a special prize for Girl Scout Joan Bartz of Buffalo, New York

4. Cocoa-colored tweed with gleaming polished-steel buttons and expert tailoring give this coat eye-appeal. Designed by Elizabeth O'Farrell of Tulsa, Oklahoma. The bag, with its mirror concealed under an outside leather flap, also earned one of the awards

5. All-wool sweater, with the shorter-length push-up sleeve and a new shoulder treatment, designed by Betty Cudmore of East Aurora, New York. The telephone pin with its dangling felt-covered memorandum book was designed by a Girl Scout Mariner of Evansville, Indiana. Her name is Mary Honningford



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

AMERICANS ALL

"We shall create a new Germany in South America." This was what Adolf Hitler told Hermann Rauschning, according to Rauschning's startling book, *Voice of Destruction*. Those ominous words, taken to heart by Latin-American statesmen, helped produce the urgency in the atmosphere of the Foreign Ministers' conference at Rio de Janeiro. Even diplomats who may have doubted Rauschning's accuracy and good faith had seen the work of Axis agents in Latin America and had drawn their own conclusions about their intentions.

No wonder that out of the conference came a declaration, recommending that all the



American republics break off relations with Germany, Italy, and Japan. One of the most eloquent voices lifted in favor of this declaration was that of Brazil's president, Getulio Vargas (sketched above). Vargas had good reason for alarm. Within his country's borders is South America's largest German colony, numbering more than half a million. Also, if Germany should launch an attack against South America, the waves of men and machines would probably strike Brazil first. Natal, on her Atlantic "bulge," is only about sixteen hundred nautical miles—about seven hours by bomber—from Dakar, held by Vichy France. And the Vichy government of France has been sliding more and more toward Nazi control.

Long before the Rio conference President Vargas began to warn his countrymen of probable attacks, and to take action against German Bunds and Axis-controlled news agencies. None knew better than he what rich prizes his country would offer. Brazil, larger than continental United States, is for the most part undeveloped. Covering almost half of South America, it is a potential reservoir, as yet barely tapped, of almost every important raw material. About forty-five million people live there, but certain experts have estimated, startlingly, that it could support nine hundred million if developed to the full.

Vargas, dominant in this great, sprawling domain, is an ex-cowboy, an ex-army officer.

He is a tough-minded, strong-bodied man of fifty-nine whose quick and charming smile gives no hint, to those who meet him for the first time, of his hard-driving purpose to bring unity and strength to his nation. In his twelve years of presidential power he has talked little, has listened and thought much. Brazilian wits say he can be silent in ten languages.

He realizes, like most Latin American leaders, that an Axis attack on his country is but one of three invasion possibilities. The other two are an onslaught on Caribbean bases with the Panama Canal as its final goal, and an indirect assault on some key nation—an assault through which the Axis might gain behind-the-scenes control. In the case of such indirect action, the totalitarian countries might foment revolution in South American countries with the help of their Fifth Columns. An Axis-dominated, puppet government might be slyly installed.

The best insurance against such sneak-thief tactics, South American spokesmen have told us, is hardly military power alone, though admittedly the granting of air and naval bases to the United States has been wise. A better chance for security can come from the great and growing movement toward solidarity among the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere.

Due to the Good Neighbor policy and to threats from beyond the seas, relations between the republics are now better than they ever have been. But thoughtful observers who have traveled widely in the Western Hemisphere declare that only a beginning has been made. Wide gaps between the nations—gaps in language, in tastes, in points of view—should be bridged. Many more North Americans should study Spanish and also Portuguese (spoken in Brazil). We might wisely make it easier for more Latin Americans to learn English. We have much to give Latin America, but our neighbors to the south have much to give us, also, as Carlos J. Videla brought out in his richly informative articles in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in the recent February and March numbers.

To-day, skillful, well organized, and incessant Axis propaganda "beamed" at the Western republics fills the air waves. Its distortions are increasingly countered with a truer picture of world affairs, as our powerful short-wave stations swing into their stride.

Because the twenty-one republics now need each other more than ever, Pan-American Day—observed yearly on April 14 in every one of them—has a deeper significance than ever before. Commemorating, as it does, the political, economic, and spiritual unity of the hemisphere, it stresses a Pan-American maxim uppermost, to-day, in millions of minds, "One for all, all for one."

GENIUSES IN ROMPERS

Are exceptionally bright children more honest than average children—or less honest? This is a question the answer to which Professor Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University determined to find. He and his assistants gathered together a group of six hundred boys and girls, all of them rating one hundred and forty, or more, in the Stanford-Binet intelligence tests, in which one hundred is the average, or "norm." Professor Terman knew nothing of these children except that they were supposed to be unusually clever.

He gave them money-honesty tests and truth-telling tests. He also put five hundred not particularly gifted children over the same hurdles. The gifted children were, on an average, more honest—which seems to demonstrate that there is a direct relationship between brains and character. In other words, a smart child realizes that it's unintelligent to deceive.

What Professor Terman did not set out to prove was that there was anything final in the I.Q. (Intelligence Quotient) rating of the Stanford-Binet tests. Many advanced educators have begun to doubt that these figures provide more than an indication—"something to go on." It has been pointed out that many young professional musicians, distinguished child artists, and gifted screen actors in the pre-teen age have not had especially high I.Q. ratings, though their particular talents put them in the genius class.

Grading children by school progress has also been shown to be too quick and easy a method. Many who don't do well in school do exceedingly well in life. There's always



the factor of late development. Precocious children do not always keep their head start. Perseverance also counts, as well as all-round adjustment and the drive of need. Time is the only real test.

But early development will always be impressive. Imagine with what amazement the baby, Thomas Babington Macaulay, filled one of his mother's friends when the lady asked, "How is your hurt finger, Tommy?" And the infant answered, "Thank you, Madam, the agony has somewhat abated."

THE FRONT BEHIND THE FRONT

In to-day's battles, new inventions, new scientific processes, count as heavily as fighters at the front. So tens of thousands of our scientists and research workers are now enormously busy at war work.

America's scientific minds have already given our Army, our Navy, our Air Forces a great many closely guarded inventions—devices such as the secret bombsight which has proved so amazingly accurate when used to direct bombs on their downward course from planes. Now that we're in an "all out" war, our laboratory workers may do even better. Already they have perfected an aircraft detector which, so we're told, can pick up the sound of a plane's motors at a distance of about twelve miles, determine the plane's height, speed, and direction, as well as the wind velocity and the other necessary factors, and deliver all this information to the gunners of an anti-aircraft battery. And this is only one of a long list of important recent inventions.

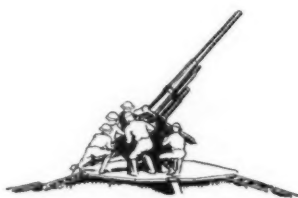
Moreover, our research workers are trying to find substitutes for many of the everyday things which defense must withdraw from ordinary use. Their labors in past years have given them a solid foundation to build on. Already, for example, they have shown industrialists how to produce some fifteen hundred plastics. These ingenious substances, made from chemicals, are giving us a wide variety of products ranging all the way from brightly colored fountain pens to pieces of furniture.

One of the most vital of our laboratory products is synthetic, or artificial, rubber. Since the war crisis in the Far East is making natural rubber scarce, we are turning increasingly to substitutes derived from such substances as coal, gas, and petroleum.

But production of such man-made rubber on a vast scale can hardly come before 1943. And even after it comes, defense may claim the greater part of it. So necessity, as well as patriotism, demands that we make all the rubber articles we own last as long as possible. How can we do this? Dr. Willis A. Gibbons, an executive of the United States Rubber Company, has some pertinent advice to give.

Sunlight, heat, oil, gasoline, grease, and dirt are among the chief enemies of rubber, he says. Overshoes, raincoats, boots, or rubber-soled shoes should never be dried out near a radiator, or over an open-air register.

As part of a program to make rubber tires



last longer, Dr. Gibbons advises us to keep them inflated at the proper pressure. It's an excellent idea, he tells us, to switch wheels every three thousand to five thousand miles, meanwhile keeping sharp watch for uneven tread wear.

Fast driving, sudden starting and stopping, rounding curves at excessive speed—all these things shorten the life of a tire.

Since ours is a nation that rolls largely on rubber, let's help to keep it rolling.

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RULES for the "NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS CONTEST

The girl who submits the most appropriate title for the month's "Name-Your-Own" Comic on page 30 will receive a **BOOK** as a prize.

The title must fit the picture. Brevity will be a point in favor of any title. Each competitor may send as many titles as she chooses, but please *print* the titles on separate slips of paper and include *only* your name, address, age, and date on each. Address your entries to the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Editor, **THE AMERICAN GIRL**, 155 East 44th Street, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Entries must be mailed not later than April fifteenth.

WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City

—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

INVADERS, THE. One of the most dramatic man-hunts ever filmed, the story tells of six crew members of a destroyed Nazi submarine landing at Hudson Bay and, with mounting arrogance and brutality, making their way through Canada to the Rockies in attempted escape. One dramatic incident follows another, as hunger or detection force the men into the open until finally all but one are apprehended. The various Canadians they encounter are played to the hilt by Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, Anton Walbrook and a lovely new actress, Glynis Johns. The underlying theme is the superior power of Christian ideals over Nazi ruthlessness. The picture was filmed in England and Canada with beautiful scenic backgrounds. (Col.)

WORLD IN ACTION, THE. A brilliant editing job makes these twenty-minute news features outstanding in their class. The first to be released, "This Is Blitz," shows the blitz in action throughout Europe and then brings up scenes of what the United Nations are doing about it. Because the editor, Stuart Legg, has used material taken by many cameramen under incredible conditions, the film is wonderfully revealing. For instance, the first half was taken by cameramen in the German army (the films were taken from captured Germans) and the swiftness of their attack is pictured matter-of-factly. Thus fleeing refugees are apparently no more human to them than a bombed industrial site. The second in the series, "The Battle for Oil," gives a graphic account of the necessity for oil as fuel. The Bismarck attack is shown, as well as the reasons such attacks are made. The World-in-Action films will be released monthly. (U.A.)

Good

COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY, THE. This is more a slice of whole-family life than a story of Andy's adventures. Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) has the main rôle this time, and one of the most delightful episodes shows his puzzlement over Mother Hardy's manner of keeping her check book. The incident is very human and not exaggerated, and many a woman who still counts on her fingers will appreciate it. Sister Marian (Cecilia Parker) supplies the serious note with her shallow, recently acquired sophistication which flouts the family standards. The judge's talk on the silliness of drinking, as he and Andy revive the drunken young man who has risked Marian's life while driving is a telling one. Of course, Andy is very much in the picture, reluctantly showing a good time to a lonely girl (at his father's request) and finding the adventure a two-sided one. The girl, Donna Reed, is an attractive newcomer. (MGM)

CODE OF THE OUTLAW. The Three Mesquiteers (Bob Steele, Tom Tyler, Rufe Davis) furnish the riding, shooting, and gallantry, but share acting honors with Bennie Bartlett, a youngster whose bandit father is shot and who comes under the benign influence of the cowboy knights. (Rep.)

MISTER V. Leslie Howard produced, directed, and plays in this excellent mixture of comedy and melodrama, and scores high in each capacity. The story is of a modern Pimpernel, a seemingly absent-minded Professor of Archaeology (Leslie Howard) who, in the months before the outbreak of war, spirits intellectuals out of Germany. He takes a class of students for a summer of digging in Germany supposedly to discover evidences of an early Aryan civilization there. Under cover of their work they make some miraculous rescues, while the action pokes debonaire fun at the Gestapo. It is a tribute to the film's artistry that this is palatable even in the grim present. (U.A.)

ON THE SUNNY SIDE. Roddy McDowall is so engaging as a young English boy brought into the home of an American family for the duration that the son of the family (Freddie Mercer) has a hard time retaining his importance to family, friends,

and even his dog. The film is touching and believable and, by deft handling of its material, doesn't become over sentimental. While Freddie's distress is very real, Roddy never lets his popularity go to his head and the gradual growth of a fine friendship between the two boys is a happy thing. (Fox)

REMARKABLE ANDREW, THE. That dishonesty in government is the concern of every citizen of a democracy is the timely and thought-provoking theme of this unusual film. To prove that it means you and me, the hero is a young bookkeeper, Andrew Long (William Holden), whose only distinguishing characteristic is his pride in keeping his books straight. This very honesty gets him into trouble with crooked politicians and things might have gone badly for him if there hadn't come to his rescue the ghosts of Andrew Jackson, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, John Marshall, and other patriots, whose deeds and words were a cherished part of Andrew's life-long reading. The fact that these doughty shades are invisible to all but Andrew makes a gay frolic out of the film, even when its serious theme is being driven home by pointed jabs at the average citizen's complacency in the face of political corruption. You'll enjoy the amusing story of Andrew and the girl (Ellen Drew) who stands by him when the whole town thinks he is daft, and afterwards you'll be a better citizen for having been shown that, as Andrew Jackson said, "One man with courage makes a majority." (Para.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE. Rarely does a film combine really delicious humor with the exciting drama of escape from peril, yet the two are blended effortlessly in Ernst Lubitsch's direction of the Carole Lombard-Jack Benny film. Moreover, the sense of tragedy with which Miss Lombard's untimely death might have weighted the picture is obliterated by the artistry with which she has created an imaginary character. Also some may object to a comedy treatment of the invasion of Poland, but again the light-hearted courage with which all meet danger and hardship soon has us happily engrossed in the adventures of Josef and Maria Tura, famous Polish actors, and the members of their stock company, as they dare and confront the Gestapo at every turn after the occupation of Warsaw. A more ingenious plot couldn't have been devised, but the greatest enjoyment comes from the perfect playing of the scenes so that each seems a small masterpiece of comedy. Miss Lombard's shifts from being an actress living up to the glamor expected of her to cool-headed plotting are done with extraordinary subtlety. Mr. Benny's characterization of a romantic hank actor, both off stage and on, is finely shaded, too. Very good. (U.A.)

SHUT MY BIG MOUTH. Joe E. Brown has a lovable-clown quality which keeps his pictures wholesome. This one is particularly funny, for Joe becomes a two-gun Western hero by accident and, scared to death, has to go through with being a lone-wolf marshal who captures bandits single-handed. (Col.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

WORLD IN ACTION. Excellent for the girl of this age who listens to news broadcasts, or attends movies regularly.

Good

COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY, THE
CODE OF THE OUTLAW

MISTER V. Mature, but all right for those used to mystery films—horror is never shown.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE

REMARKABLE ANDREW, THE

SHUT MY BIG MOUTH

TO BE OR NOT TO BE. Sophisticated, but handled with taste. The film does not stress horror, but the plot is intricate.

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

LYNN'S EMERGENCY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

both be miserable. I thought we'd get him out here some day and take him up for a surprise."

"You'll surprise him all right! And he'll be pretty proud to find his sister is a girl with flying sense."

"Oh, dear, I hope you're right!"

Neil's praise gave Lynn confidence, but she lost no opportunity to practice and learn from him. On Thursday, when she was starting out, she met him coming in with another student.

"Got some time for me to-day?" she called.

He came over to her plane. "Sorry, Lynn. I've had to bunch my lessons, so I haven't a minute. We're ordered to San Francisco for a meeting Saturday. All the pilots on the Coast. Men coming out from Washington—"

"Gregg, too?"

"Probably. I hate to miss your dinner, Lynn. But these are orders. I'm going down to-morrow afternoon."

"Oh dear," Lynn mourned. "I already have the dinner half prepared. I even baked the cake myself. And Saturday's the day I planned to take Gregg up."

"It's a shame, Lynn. But there'll be another time. If you're going up now, I'll swing the prop."

Lynn took the plane up, but she couldn't make it lift as it had done the other day. What was the use of practicing so hard if the boys had to go? Everything was spoiled. The dinner at which she'd planned, with Neil's help, to get Gregg into a receptive frame of mind. Then her Saturday flight. The whole plan was ruined. She didn't feel like flying to-day, but she'd paid for half an hour, so she might as well stay up. The wings wobbled and she couldn't keep them level. She went into a spin, and had a hard time pulling out. Not since her first week up had she done so badly. She realized, at last, that she'd have to give up for to-day. She came down too fast in a bumpy landing.

Lynn glanced around apprehensively. Thank fortune there weren't many on the field! She saw Neil, and knew he must have seen. He wouldn't be proud of her to-day. And there was someone else—over there by the hangar. It couldn't be—and yet—! Lynn's fingers shook as she pushed back her goggles. Yes, even though his broad shoulders slumped and he looked glum, there was no mistaking Gregg.

Gregg—of all people! This was terrible. At first Lynn pretended not to see him. But she knew that wouldn't do. She climbed out slowly. She'd just have to brazen it out.

"Hi-ya, Gregg," she called, and started toward him. "What brought you down? I wasn't expecting you until to-morrow."

Gregg's mouth was a thin, hard line. "I had to come down for some dust," he said gruffly. "I'm going right back. They told me you were up in that plane, but I wouldn't believe it. I waited to make sure."

"I was terrible to-day," Lynn forced a laugh. "But you should have seen me other days. Oh, Neil," she called, trying to seem nonchalant, "come here and tell Gregg that I can really fly."

Neil came across the field to join them. "She really can, Gregg. This must be her off day. She had bad luck."

Gregg spoke harshly. "Get this straight, Townsend. I don't care what kids you teach

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to risk their necks out here, but one of them is not going to be my sister." He picked up a package from the ground and stalked over to his plane. He slung the chock under the wheels and swung the propeller. Without another look at Lynn he took the air.

Lynn jerked off her scarf and ran to change her clothes. No one must see her crying. A fine birthday *this* would be! The one chance she'd ever have to show Gregg, she'd thrown away.

School the next morning was a nightmare. And although she went to work at one, she was sure she could never stick through the afternoon. It was a relief to find everyone at the field leaving. Mr. Porter gave her the afternoon off.

"There's a training plane in the hangar," he told her. "Go up if you like. You'll have the sky to yourself."

But after the way she'd balled things up yesterday, Lynn knew better than to go up when she wasn't feeling fit. No, she couldn't fly—not until Gregg changed his mind.

She went home by a long route, past the jeweler's window. The little silver wings were still there. Gregg might not give her any present now. And, anyway, it wouldn't be the clip. At home, she half-heartedly started dinner. The vegetables were prepared and the chicken in the ice box ready to fry. She supposed she'd have to eat, whether Gregg came or not. Tears rushed to her eyes. She wouldn't stay here on her birthday all alone. If Gregg didn't come by seven, she'd 'phone some of the boys and girls to come in and eat the cake.

It was a minute before seven when the telephone rang. "Lynn," Gregg called, "Tommy's had an accident. Nothing serious, but my plane's laid up. And the fuel line in the other one sprang a leak this afternoon. I've got to be in San Francisco to-night. Government orders."

Lynn swallowed a lump. Not a word about her birthday.

"I called the airport and they say there's no one there," Gregg went on. "I should have gone this afternoon, but I took a chance and waited—trying to clean the work up here. It makes it bad now—no plane and nobody to come for me. I've got to get there, Lynn. Excuses don't go in the Army."

Lynn heard his quick intake of breath. Gregg was on the spot, all right. What would happen if he didn't get there? Would he have to go to jail? A weight crashed down on her chest. "You could come down by bus and catch the transport here," she suggested in desperation. "I think there's time."

"The bus has just gone," said Gregg tersely. "Missed it by two minutes. I'm at the Greeley airport now. Lynn—I don't suppose you could dig up some barnstormer who could find a crate to come for me? I'd pay any price."

"There's a plane here," Lynn said. "But all the pilots have gone."

He groaned. "Then I'd better start walking. Maybe I can thumb a ride."

Lynn could feel the desperation in his voice. But he hadn't asked her to come for him, although he couldn't possibly get to San Francisco on time without a plane. Orders were orders. He'd be disgraced. She turned cold all over.

Gregg spoke again. "I'm sorry about your birthday, Pickle. That's one reason I waited. I was going to come down and have dinner with you, then go on. I'm sorry I was mean the other day. But I was scared."

Of course Gregg had been scared for her,

the way she'd let her mood get her down. But she *could* fly, no matter what he thought. And this was an emergency. This was why she'd learned. Girls have to do everything that boys do, in times like these.

"Stay there, Gregg," she called. "I'll dig up somebody to come for you. I'll have somebody at Greeley airport inside an hour."

Twenty minutes later Lynn was at the airport. A chill of fear gripped her, as she watched the ground men roll out the plane. Gregg would be furious with her if she ever flew again. But his need was far more important than anything he said or thought. Anyway, she had to go. She buckled her helmet and snugged the scarf about her neck. Then, with desperate calmness, she climbed into the plane and pulled her goggles down.

The stars were clear and there was a thin moon overhead. As Lynn winged through the night, her spirit lifted. This was her bit for her country and for Gregg. It didn't matter what he thought. Far to the north, the searchlight at the Greeley airport wove bands

of light across the sky. She swung toward it confidently, sure of herself and of the plane.

She circled the field and set the plane neatly down. Even if she'd planned it, no landing could have been better—and there was Gregg waiting by the ramp. He started running toward her and her breath caught. She pushed back her goggles.

He stopped when he saw her. "Good night, Lynn! You?" Then bewilderment and horror faded from his face. "Gosh, Pickle, I hate to admit it, but you did that pretty well. Looks as if you'd saved my skin."

Joy surged in her. "No trouble at all, Big Boy," she said airily, as she yielded the controls. "I was giving myself a ride for a birthday present."

"That's nothing to the one you're going to get," said Gregg humbly. "It beats all, a kid like you!"

Lynn settled back contentedly as the plane lifted and roared off across the sky. What more could one ask for a birthday? Well, maybe that silver clip.

THE BITER BITTEN

he placed himself between Margie and the door.

"You don't mean to say," he demanded sternly of his sister, "that you've dragged Marjorie over here, in this pouring rain, to see that hole! Really, Bushy, your presumption—"

Margie laughed, glancing out the window. "I'd hardly call this sun-and-shower a 'pouring rain,'" she chided Lofty. "You see, I've been fixing my room, too, and Bushy and I want to compare notes." She gave the younger girl a friendly, equal-to-equal look that warmed the cockles of Bushy's heart.

"Honestly, Margie, it's a mess," Lofty argued rapidly. "I've seen it. Of course, Bushy enjoys fooling around in it, I suppose—but her ideas of interior decoration are crude and childish in the extreme."

His sister's jaw dropped. "Well, I like that!" she cried indignantly.

Margie laughed. "It sounds to me too quaint and original for anything," she said. "Besides, I really want to see it. Let's go, Bushy."

She slipped past Lofty, who was teetering anxiously in the doorway, and Bushy, grinning triumphantly, preceded her up the stairs. By some extraordinary acrobatic feat which should have won him fame on the horizontal bars at school, Lofty contrived to slither over the banisters and confront the girls on the landing above them.

"Please go downstairs," he implored. "Er—Mother'll be in very soon. She'll want to see you so much, Margie."

But Marjorie, with lifted eyebrows, kept on her dignified way upward. Lofty couldn't exactly throw the object of his adoration downstairs. He backed awkwardly into the upper hall.

Bushy laid a hand on her doorknob.

"PLEASE," Lofty begged, his voice rising to a tremulous squeak. "Please, I—well, you see, there was a slight—er—*contretemps*. I'd rather even you didn't go in, Bushy, until I've had a chance to set things right."

"Why didn't you say so before?" Bushy scolded him. "And if you mean by *contretemps* that you've spilled glue all over my new rug, or torn the curtains or something, I certainly want to see what's the matter."

Lofty flung himself against the door and spread his arms across it.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"It's quite all right—quite all right, really," he babbled. "Just—well, it would be far better if—if nobody went in there for a while!"

"Good gracious," Margie laughed. "Any one would think a murder had been done, or something."

"Wow!" said Bushy. "Maybe that's it."

Lofty's clinched fingers whitened on the door jams. "Absolutely nothing the matter," he quavered, managing a lopsided grin. "Simply—oh well, Margie, I'd hate to have you see Bushy's pretty room not at its best, when she's taken so much trouble with it."

"Thought you just said it was a crude and childish mess," Bushy reminded him acidly. He gave her one look in which, with his whole soul, he implored her to get Margie away. And as desperation settled in Lofty's face, light dawned in Bushy's.

"Oh, shucks," she said, "I'd planned to give you cocoa in my room, but since Lofty has taken it over, we'll have to make it in the kitchen. Come on down, Marge. We'll eat first and inspect afterward." As she passed her brother, she hissed in his ear, "Now's your chance to get rid of the incriminating evidence, you sap!"

When they reached the foot of the stairs, Marjorie looked up at the hall clock. "Oh dear," she exclaimed, "I can't stay for anything. I completely forgot I promised to meet Mother downtown and go to the train for Dad. I am so sorry! We'll have to swap rooms very soon, when the atmosphere is more settled." She ran down the piazza steps. "And do let me know about Lofty's mystery," she called back, laughing.

As Bushy closed the front door, a prolonged and inexplicable series of crashes came from upstairs. It sounded as though a boiler factory were being bombed. Bushy went up, two steps at a time.

On the threshold of her room, Lofty sat heavily. In his haste, he had forgotten that the first fellow through the door would inevitably be the victim. At rhythmic intervals, a soggy moist glove on the end of a wire batted him across one cheek. An ominous ticking culminated in the downfall of yet another sauceman on his defenseless head. Bushy was just in time to hear a sinister buzzing which grew louder and louder, and to see a

(Continued on page 41)



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GOOD TIMES with BOOKS



by

MARJORIE CINTA



Drawn by Flora Nash Demuth for Elizabeth Waugh's "Simón Bolívar" (Macmillan)

WHILE many North Americans know the principal facts in the life of the great Venezuelan general and statesman, Simón Bolívar, how many have ever heard of Antonio José de Sucre, José Antonio Páez, El Negro Primero, or the Irishmen, Rooke and O'Leary, to say nothing of the hard-riding tomboy and devotee of the patriot cause, Manuela Sáenz? When we speak of great Americans, we are apt to think only of North Americans. Few of us know much about the heroes of the Latin Americas. Pursuing our Good Neighbor Policy, we should lose no time in learning all we can of the great men of the countries to the south. Simón Bolívar was one of the greatest of these, and to become acquainted with him by reading Elizabeth Waugh's *Simón Bolívar* (Macmillan, \$2.50), or Nina Brown Baker's *He Wouldn't Be King* (Vanguard, \$2.50) is a pleasure rather than a task. These books make a living figure of the gay and handsome Venezuelan, who gave his life and fortune to his dream of liberating the South American colonies from Spain. Possessed of a persuasive and gifted pen, orator, statesman, military genius, and polished courtier, Bolívar could outdance and outstride most of his soldiers, and more than once his gallant spirit built victory out of defeat. You will enjoy learning more about Simón Bolívar and his times, with two such absorbing stories of his dramatic life, yours for the reading.

In *Snow Treasure* (Dutton, \$2), Marie McSwigan tells one of the first-to-be-printed true stories of a great service rendered by children in the present war—the story of a group of brave Norwegian boys and girls who removed nine million dollars in gold bullion from under the noses of the Nazi invaders, and started it on its way to the United States where it is to-day. Fully aware of the risks they were running and the importance of their task, bound by an oath never to reveal their secret even under torture, Helga and Peter and their plucky schoolmates coasted gaily through the German camp, day after day, carrying on their sleds the blocks of gold to the cache near the fiord where Uncle Peter's ship waited. Full of drama and suspense, the tale is never grim or horrifying.

Can you imagine anything more exciting than to fly around South America in a private plane with a congenial group of young people? When this opportunity presented itself to Susan Dewees and her sister, Fern, in *Skylark* by Margaret Thomsen Raymond and Freida Zylstra (Dodd, \$2), they moved heaven and earth to take advantage of it.

Their father had been a famous photographer and the sisters were trying to put his training into practice professionally. By careful planning, they found they could earn their trip by the sale of their pictures. New Year's Day found them in the Skylark, as the plane was called, with the good-looking young pilot, the owner's son, and a youthful bride and groom as fellow passengers, headed for a ten-thousand-mile tour which was to include danger and adventure as well as fun and laughter. The story of the Skylark's trip is based on the record of an actual trip taken by Miss Zylstra, who is a professional photographer. Miss Raymond, a professional writer (whose Brazilian story, "A Amizade Means Friendship," was so much enjoyed in the February *AMERICAN GIRL*) is also a skillful photographer, though an amateur. This enjoyable story of modern young people will be relished especially by camera fans and flying enthusiasts.



A drawing by Genevieve Foster for her book, "George Washington's World" (Scribner's)

George Washington's World (Scribner's, \$2.75) by Genevieve Foster is a book you will find pleasant to own, for all through your high school days—and, indeed, afterwards—you will find it convenient to refer to for details of eighteenth century history. The stirring events of the past are apt to come to mind firmly fixed in their own time and country, but unrelated to what was happening at the same time elsewhere in the world. This unusual book gives, in word and picture, a comprehensive view of what was happening all over the earth during the lifetime of George Washington. It divides the great man's life into six periods, each preceded by a double-page spread of delightful illustrations by the author, showing the famous figures of the world, as they were at that time. The pictures are followed by stories of the important characters and interesting events of world history during each period. For instance, when Washington was ten, Daniel Boone, John Adams, John Hancock, and Benjamin West were young lads of more or less the same age; Benjamin Franklin was writing *Poor Richard's Almanac* and experimenting with electricity; Fray Junipero Serra was establishing a colony in California; Frederick the Great, with his tall Prussian soldiers, was taking Silesia from Austria; the young German princess, who was to become Catherine the Great, was journeying to Russia; Voltaire was writing in France; and Pierre Caron, the French financier, James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, and

James Cook, the discoverer of Australia, were starting out in life. We meet these characters again in subsequent periods as they grow in world importance. The index makes it possible, if you wish, to trace the career of a single individual throughout the book.

Left Till Called For by Mary Treadgold (Doubleday, \$2) is the story of a horse-loving, self-reliant brother and sister who, separated from their father in the evacuation of one of the Channel Islands, were left behind when the Nazis took possession. Mick and Caroline, with their beloved ponies, met with courage and ingenuity the strange and exciting adventures which befell them, securing valuable information for the British Secret Service before they were rescued.

They had need of each other, Titu, the out-of-the-world Quechuan boy tending his terraced fields on the slopes of the Andes, and Tony, the spoiled American boy who came with his engineer father to visit the secret Inca city, in *The Citadel of a Hundred Stairways* by Alida Sims Malkus (Winston, \$2). Together they saved Tony's father's gold mine and proved their mettle in a dangerous quest which led them into the heart of the mountain. This adventure story is told by an author whose intimate knowledge of these descendants of the Incas comes from having lived among them.

The article in the March *AMERICAN GIRL* about Sabu who plays "Mowgli" in *The Jungle Book*, and the daily mention of Moulmein and Rangoon in newspaper headlines, turn one's thoughts to Rudyard Kipling. The British Empire was all-important to this English writer, but he was fiercely criticized after the last war because he insisted that the peace was only an armistice, and warned of a new and more terrible war to come. Now that so much he predicted has unfortunately come to pass, you will want to renew your acquaintance with Kipling in Nella Braddy's excellent biography, *Rudyard Kipling, Son of Empire* (Messner, \$2.50). Miss Braddy has woven all the biographical material we know so well from Kipling's own writings—the years when the bewildered boy was left in the care of a cruel woman in England (*Baa, Baa, Blacksheep*); his school days at Westward Ho! (*Stalky and Company*); his young manhood in India (*Departmental Ditties, Barrack Room Ballads*)—into an absorbing story of timely interest, from which perhaps we may gain some of its hero's adventurous, decent spirit and gallant courage with which to face the present.

The many girls who write to THE *AMERICAN GIRL* inquiring about fashion designing as a career will be glad to know about a new book *How to be a Fashion Designer* by Gladys Shultz (McBride, \$2). Miss Shultz discusses her subject from first-hand knowledge. She not only gives a picture of the fashion industry as a whole, and the progress of a dress from the designer's brain

to the customer's back, but she also gives practical advice about the opportunities in this field—the type of person suited to such a career; what a girl can do to prepare while still in high school; the choice of school and what courses to take; and jobs for beginners and how to get them.

In Lonnie's Landing (Dutton, \$2), Charlie May Simon tells a satisfying tale of pioneer days in the virgin woodlands along the Mississippi River in Tennessee. When the land sold by an unscrupulous shark to Lonnie Bly, his brother, Bruce, and their grandfather turned out to be only an unsettled tract of wilderness, Lonnie was not cast down. Much to his delight, he found he

shared his land with the wild creatures of the forest, some of whom he was able to tame as pets. "An axe or two and a sharp knife, that's all a fellow needs to build him a home," said Lonnie—and soon the three were housed in a cozy log cabin, with a great fireplace where a wild turkey or a possum was always simmering. The sun and the stars were their clock and a notched stick their calendar. Lonnie made friends with an Indian family and when another group (victims of the same land shark) arrived, Lonnie found that the girl for whom at first he felt such contempt was really a splendid playmate. Bruce brought home a bride, and the happy settlement at Lonnie's Landing gave promise of growing into a thriving community.

THE BITER BITTEN

steamer rug detach itself from above and completely envelop the befuddled figure of Edward Lofting Ryder.

While her brother struggled, with muffled sounds, to free himself, Bushy set her arms a-kimbo and surveyed the scene. Ingenious—no doubt about that! Clockwork all over the place; buzzers and tickers; springs that released other springs, which, in turn, toppled pots and pans off the ledge above the door. Bushy began to giggle, but she managed to get her face straight by the time Lofty, much rumbled, emerged from the steamer rug.

"Nothing's hurt—nothing's hurt, I assure you," he jabbered apologetically. "Shouldn't dream of doing anything so juvenile or destructive as a pail of water, or a bucket of flour."

"Hm," said Bushy. "Seems to me a relatively childish sport, at that. Nothing hurt. But your pride might have been—eh what?—if Margie had discovered you. Or—*abem*—if she'd been the one to open the door?"

Lofty, gathering up saucepans and cogwheels, bent his tousled head yet lower. "You don't need to enlarge upon that phase of it,"

he mumbled. "I'm grateful. Very grateful."

"Isn't there a saying," Bushy grinned, "about 'fools rushing in where angels fear to tread'?"

"Now just what do you mean to imply by that?" cried Lofty, straightening up indignantly. "If you consider yourself in the angel line—and *me* a fool—well, come to think of it, maybe you were. A sort of angel in disguise."

"In disgust," snorted Bushy. "Well, Margie was there, too, wasn't she? She's complete with wings, so far as you're concerned, isn't she? After all, as for you, little one—it is the first of April, yes?"

"Yes," said Lofty humbly, slowly piling the debris of his mechanical booby-trap on the outspread steamer rug.

Suddenly Bushy began to laugh. Between gasps she managed to say, "Gimme one of those saucepans! We'll both have some cocoa—and you can explain to me how you got those crazy contraptions to work. For—*ba, ba*—they certainly did work."

"And how!" agreed Lofty, rubbing his skull and gazing respectfully at his sister.

LANDING FIELDS FOR BIRDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

nations includes the honored names of Bolivia, Cuba, El Salvador, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela, Ecuador, Costa Rica, Uruguay, Brazil, Guatemala, Colombia, Guiana, and Chile. I am sure every North American girl will like to think of the hundred-odd sorts of birds now journeying north from these countries as bringing friendly greetings from distant lands. And certainly when tanagers, barn swallows, and thrushes start back from our yards toward the Equator next autumn, you will want them to serve as your messengers of good will to girls in Central and South America.

Naturally the huge Federal sanctuaries now dotting the Western Hemisphere are more important to birds than private sanctuaries are. Federal refuges are tremendous, and they are located in the special regions where they will do the most good. But at the same time there are thousands of private farms and yards in North and South America where birds are made welcome, the year around. Their combined area is very great, and all of them are welcome sights to tired birds. There ought to be many more back-yard sanctuaries, or landing fields.

I would like to see all the girls of the Western Hemisphere join hands to establish

a great system of auxiliary landing fields for birds. If you and your friends could help start a movement like that, it certainly would be one of the kindest things you could do for our fellow creatures. In the course of time it would practically put an end to "man's inhumanity to birds." It might even prove as important as the pioneering done by a President of the United States, back in 1903, when he established the world's first Federal bird refuge.

Just by arranging that school grounds, city parks, and yards in the Americas should be equipped with feeding shelves, and making sure that birds stopping over there would never be harmed, Girl Scouts and Girl Guides could establish a string of landing fields all the way from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn. Such an undertaking would be fun, too, for knowing that the feathered visitors to such places soon would be in yards or on river shores in other countries, and that other girls and boys would be looking after them, would be the next best thing to exchanging gifts with people in every nation in the Pan-American Postal Union.

In this way, birds could become real messengers of good will among all the young people of the Western Hemisphere, especially if parents, teachers, and Scout leaders would help in establishing such a junior network of sanctuaries.



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Birds are a living, breathing link, joining all the nations of the Western Hemisphere into a natural unit. Every year millions of them leave the beautiful green continent south of us, to make a perilous journey to North America. Every autumn the same birds, with their summer nestlings, stream back through the sky, over cities, oceans, and jungles, to winter homes. Certain plump, gray birds known as golden plovers, for instance, fly from Labrador to Argentina every fall, and in spring return to the Far North through the Mississippi Valley. Hundreds of thousands of girls and boys, under many flags, may see these handsome birds, if they watch for them.

ANN GOES to the NATIONAL GALLERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

blondes had redder hair. She surely likes herself, doesn't she? I'd never want to pal around with her!"

"I believe Titian agreed with you," laughed Mrs. Allenby. "But he was worldly enough to be hunting other qualities than Raphael's 'pure beauty'."

"She's fat. Mother would be sure to tell her she needed to diet," Ann justified her dislike.

"Titian liked them that way. He loved to paint what he called 'a decent veil of flesh.' It exemplified the super-luxury of Venice in the middle of the sixteenth century. It was a rich and rather wicked city, you see—and being a part of it, Titian liked to paint the magnificence with which he was surrounded. But he was interested in religious themes, as well as worldly ones, and his genius wasn't smothered by the splendors of his palace on the outer canal, where he housed one of the finest art collections of his time. He lived for ninety-nine years—the oldest painter of them all—and worked almost to the end. But after his death, the driving force of the simple religious zeal which had been the mainspring of Italy's remarkable Renaissance had withered, and lesser men there fell to painting lesser things."

"I hate to see glory pass," sighed Ann.

"There is another kind to take its place, across that inner garden. Not the pageantry and symbolism of Italy and the Church of Rome, but the glorification of everyday things—the realism of the Low Countries. And that is here, where the Flemish School is housed."

"Boy, what oak paneling!" gasped Ann, conscious for the moment only of rich, dark colors against the soft brown glow of waxed wood.

"The walls are most certainly part of the artistry of the gallery," agreed Mrs. Allenby. "For the artists who planned it aimed to give the pictures of each country the setting to which they were accustomed by the kings, the nobles, and the burgomasters, or the church for which they were originally painted."

"It's about as swell a job as those old frames, shaped and painted to match the pictures."

"The artists made the frames along with the pictures, particularly in the Italian section."

Glancing about in a thoughtful survey Ann said, "I see what you mean by a different atmosphere from Italy. There isn't a Madonna here."

"The Reformation had laid hold of the Low Countries," replied Mrs. Allenby. Before an

And every day now, many other kinds of Pan-American birds are leaving Mexico for Canada or Alaska. Others, long weeks ago, took off for meadows and woodlands in New England, from pampas in Bolivia and flower-filled jungles beside the mighty Amazon.

If the girls of the New World should decide to become pioneers in a movement to furnish junior or auxiliary landing fields for birds, maybe some day the idea would spread until it became world-wide. Then the tiny Old World migrants, which fly every spring from Africa to Norway, Finland, and Russia, would have safe, friendly landing fields, too, in every country along their course.

exquisite portrait of a baby in a ridiculous plumed hat, they halted.

"Is it Henry VIII as a small boy? He looks exactly like the picture in the history."

"You should go in for sleuthing, for those fat jowls and pointed chin would certainly have jelled into a replica of Henry, if he had grown up. But it's Henry's little son, Edward VI, whose early death left the door open for Queen Elizabeth. Holbein, the Younger, did him after he became court painter to Henry VIII, and I think he is the sweetest little boy in the gallery."

"Oh Aunt, can you believe it? The catalog says he is fourteen months old. What a costume—when you remember the rompers babies wear now! A crimson doublet with gold undersleeves and mantle, and a crimson plumed hat, to say nothing of a royal gold rattle!"

"And at that, Holbein was about the only German who had learned the art of simplification, of stressing only essentials, when his countrymen were losing themselves in a welter of fussy details. He improved the status of court painter, too, for when he came to Henry's court, the job included all the work done with a brush around the place, from house-painting through decorating the furniture and the saddles, up to doing the royal physiognomy itself. But Henry was soon so impressed with Holbein's ability that he assigned the menial tasks to other painters. However, Holbein was still a servant to his patron, just as Shakespeare and his actors were."

"Seems goofy, doesn't it, that geniuses should have been servants to those old kings?"

"Oddly enough, just a hundred years later there was another painter of the Flemish School who became court painter to an English King, Charles I. This was the spectacular Anthony Van Dyck, whom Charles knighted. And here they are, his pictures, making the showiest room in the gallery."

"But it's simply gorgeous!" exclaimed Ann. "He certainly lived up to what you might expect of a court painter."

"Van Dyck had a flair for the lavish, even in size. This is the *Marchesa Balbi*, full length."

"I never saw such materials in paint! Can't you just feel the dark-green velvet robe with its stiff gold threads?"

"The whole Flemish and Dutch Schools were masters of 'millinery,' as they call that texture painting. Think of the work involved in the Persian rug alone under her feet. But no doubt that was why the Italian nobility felt that Van Dyck was the only painter of his day elegant enough to do their portraits."

"Like Raphael and Titian and so many others to reach the top," Mrs. Allenby con-

tinued, "Van Dyck was a most precocious child. He began to paint at eight years and entered the studio of the great master, Rubens, at sixteen. Soon it was hard to tell whether the pupil or the teacher painted a picture."

"There is something exciting about his pictures," said Ann.

"Rubens lived lavishly and Van Dyck loved that style. He seems quite the most worldly of them all. Indeed it became the mark of his genius, so that all his portraits show that constant quest for pageantry and distinction. And no wonder, for he spent his short, crowded life among the aristocracy of Flanders, Italy, and England, as this roomful attests. These few pictures make you know what the critic meant who said that Holbein depicts men as they are, Van Dyck as they behave."

"Their hands all look as if they were made for velvets and silks, don't they?"

"He particularly loved aristocratic hands. But for all his passion for the idle rich, Van Dyck himself was a prodigious worker. In Italy, where he went at twenty-two and stayed five years, he painted a hundred portraits with the help of his followers. It was there he learned from an old woman, who had been Titian's pupil, to paint Titian glimpses of leafy backgrounds beyond the window curtain, such as you see in that gazelle-eyed William of Orange portrait."

"And finally his fame got to England?" Ann queried.

"Yes. It seems almost inevitable that he should have reached the court of the romantic cavalier Stuarts. So popular did he become there with the English aristocracy, that he started the fashion in portraiture among them that has so enriched their ancient houses. There he began to envelop his subjects in a romantic and haunting sadness that became sentimental and effete before he died at forty-two."

"I love that romantic, sad look," declared Ann defiantly.

"Of course you do. He fits your sentimental age," teased Mrs. Allenby. "But the next picture will be an antidote for the sigh-and-tear sort of thing. We're going in for Adventure now with a capital A, in the robust humor of Frans Hals and the Dutch school. Now there's my idea of romance, with salt breezes in the Sea Captain's plumes and devil-take-the-hindmost in an encounter with the Spanish galleons."

Ann sat down to look at *The Portrait of a Sea Captain* and grinned impishly. "Oh, cave man stuff! In a lace collar and a red silk sash over a steel cuirass, not to mention shoulder-length curls and a cavalier hat."

"Jeer at his uniform if you must, young woman, but you have to admit his vigor. He didn't inherit his power, he seized it—and he is just a little amused at his own swagger and at the world in general as he sizes it up. He is very Dutch."

"Yes. And I suppose I'll have to admit, too, that if any one of them we've seen so far was going to step out of the frame and come to life, he'd be the one to do it."

"You delightfully discriminating Ann! He was called the painter's painter. But alas, poor Frans Hals! He couldn't take it, the way his captain could. He fell on evil days later, took to drink, and had to go on relief. And with the waning of his popularity, his

color sense changed, too. His warm, vivid colors faded to a queer, disillusioned gray, like this *Man in a Plumed Hat*—a sissy at that."

"Oh, what a shame! I really love Frans Hals's paintings. But there will always be his captain and that amused old lady."

"That is the nice thing about events set fast in the long view of history. And Hals couldn't hope to surpass the greatest portrait painter in the world, who was crowding close behind him. Here!"

"Why, it's Rembrandt! He's one that even I recognize and could never forget." She stopped with an uneasy feeling of awe before Rembrandt's *Portrait of Himself* at fifty-three.

"Yes. He's the man whose religion was light, a light that emanated from the soul. All his life he experimented with light. Instead of painting in the naturally diffused light of the out-of-doors that Hals used, he preferred the mystery and subtlety of candles and lamp-light, concentrating batteries of them on the face and hands, which seem to give light off from within. As a boy, his workshop was his father's mill, where the flickering light from the Rhine was broken by the windmill blades. Perhaps it's only natural that the river from which his father took his name, van Rijn, should have influenced his genius."

"But here is one that is golden all over!" cried Ann.

"That is his lovely, sad *Lucretia with a Dagger*, and it wasn't until his last period that he tried that diffused light."

"I like it best when their faces and hands spring out of the shadows."

"So do I. But I never look at Rembrandt's work without an overwhelming sense of what genius is. The endless forms of its expression. You feel they've tapped infinity, that only the limits of life cut short the flow, sending their pictures ageless down the centuries."

"See the planes of Rembrandt's face in his self portrait, the sensitive, sad thoughtfulness, modeled with light almost as a sculptor might do it. But the shadows aren't black. They glow with light of a different intensity."

The girl went closer. "Can you beat that? They're full of browns and russets. Rembrandt looks worn here, but we have a picture of him at home when he was young and gay."

"He did fifty or sixty self portraits, perhaps to save models when he was poor. But he said he could portray from his own face any mood he wished to paint, and he went through them all, from wild, extravagant youth to the philosophic calm of this one. It was painted in the days when he fell into ill repute with the Puritans because he would paint religious subjects that seemed sacrilegious to them. Perhaps also he painted the burgomasters too realistically, in their greed and love of power. At any rate he suffered, as most of the painters did, for his awe-inspiring genius. So let's see a lighter side of Dutch genius. There is nothing brooding about Vermeer's *Smiling Girl*." (Editors Note: See frontispiece, page 4.)

"Oh, how darling!" cried Ann, glad to turn to youth. "Doesn't she look good, and so—so wholesome and happy, with her round, surprised eyes and her clean white collar!"

"I don't know why, but she always reminds me of ripe cherries. Vermeer could do the

(Continued on page 45)

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—RALPH WALDO EMERSON



A penny for your thoughts



FROM MISSOURI

WALNUT GROVE, MISSOURI: I'm from Missouri—but I want you to show me any magazine better than *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! I have taken it for almost a year. I am sick in bed now, and I have *THE AMERICAN GIRL* by my side. There is no other girl in school that takes it, so they all read mine.

My favorite stories are about Bushy and Lucy Ellen. My hobbies are table tennis, reading, and skating. I am collecting charms. I have forty of them.

I am ten years old, have yellow hair and brown eyes. My favorite subject in school is math.

Walnut Grove, Missouri, is in the Ozarks. It is a town of about five hundred people. We do not have a Girl Scout troop in this town, I am very sorry to say.

I have for pets two bantams and a canary bird named Bing. He is very cute and will peck at your finger. I do not have any sisters or brothers.

Roma J. Dawson

AN APPROPRIATE WARDROBE

KIT CARSON, COLORADO: We have received only two issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but we have enjoyed those two issues very much. We like to read about active boys and girls, who like to have fun in junior high or high school.

We are two very good friends, who are both in the seventh grade and twelve years old. We live in a small town in eastern Colorado. This is a cattle country and we would like to read a story in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* that would have something in common with us, although we do not care for cowboy stories.

We would like to have published an appropriate wardrobe for girls like us, which would be composed mostly of school and dress clothes.

Norma Jean Cullen and Joan Halderman

THEY SIT IN A LINE

VENEZUELA, SOUTH AMERICA: I have subscribed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* just recently. I have had three copies and I love it.

When I went up to the States on vacation, I became a Girl Scout and I liked being one very much. When I came back down here, I told my friends I was a Scout and that I had subscribed to a magazine. Then my first copy came and I let the girls see it—and now they

come over and sit in a line waiting to read it. And some, who don't know when it comes, come over to see if it has arrived!

I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade—I would be in the eighth if I were in the States. I like to make scientific experiments and I hope to be a scientist when I am grown. I love dancing and music.

Mary Murphy

FROM AN ENGLISH FRIEND

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND: I am writing to say, for the first time, how much I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have now started my third year and I consider it the best magazine out for girls.

My sister and I have evacuated to this country cottage, as the Royal Air Force have taken over our old home in the town. My father is a Captain in the army and we have lots of friends and relatives in the fighting services.

I am fifteen and have just taken a job as a teacher of small children in the village school, for the duration of the war. My sister, aged twelve years, is a Girl Guide and loves it.

Long live *THE AMERICAN GIRL*!

Margaret Stewart

SUBJECTS AND PREDICATES

URBANA, ILLINOIS: Last Christmas my sister and I received a two-year subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and since then I have hardly been able to wait for the next issue to come.

I enjoy the stories about Lofty and Bushy, Dilsey, and Yes-We-Can Janey especially, but Midge and Bobo and the serial characters also rank high. *Sky Rabbits Unlimited* is very good.

I am almost eleven and am in the sixth grade at Leal School here in Urbana. My favorite subjects, outside music and art, are English, arithmetic, and spelling. I like English because we are having subjects, predicates, nouns, pronouns, and adverbs, and I like the teacher. I like arithmetic mainly because my teacher makes it so interesting.

My hobby is collecting picture post cards. I have cards from almost every State in the union, and also some from Europe. I am rather interested in foreign dolls, and lately have been learning a little Latin from my sister's Latin book. She is a freshman in Urbana High School.

My favorite sports are tennis, swimming, and table tennis. (I'm just starting at table tennis, but I hope to learn to play well.)

Mary Bailey

A RIP-ROARER

BROADUS, MONTANA: I received my own first copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* a few days ago, but I have read all of the 1941 copies.

My favorite character is Yes-We-Can Janey, and I like all the others about as well. Way out here in the wild'n woolly West (it's calmed down considerably now) there isn't much to do, and my friends and I surely enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I like mystery stories best, so please put in a rip-roaring one.

I am fourteen years old and one of those poor little "green freshies."

Jane Ann Jones

LIVE-WIRE PATROL

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA: I am a Girl Scout of troop three-seventy-four, and I enjoy Scouting very much. This year I was made a patrol leader, and I am always racking my brain for new ideas. Our patrol is planning to have a newspaper—we may name it after us, "The For-Get-Me-Not." We now have patrol officers, a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer.

A few of the girls of my patrol are taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and we all think it's tops. I am thinking of putting forth the idea of saving up in our patrol treasury and subscribing to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, so the entire troop may enjoy reading it. I am hoping this idea wins.

Helen Williams

A GOOD PLACE FOR PETS

CONNEAUT, OHIO: I have been reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over a year and I enjoy it very much. I like the stories and other useful articles. My favorite characters are Midge, Bushy and Lofty—they are very interesting and entertaining.

I am not a Girl Scout—although I would like to become one—but I live in the country and am not able to attend meetings.

I have many pets; among them are two dogs, a cat, a guinea pig, and a horse. I like animals very much and, living on a farm, I am able to keep them.

My hobby is riding my horse. Last summer I led the parade, on my horse, at a community picnic.

I am fifteen and a sophomore at Rowe High School at East Conneaut, Ohio. I enjoy school very much and am taking a business course.

Norma Kezertee

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

TWIN

BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA: My sister and I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years now, and it still is—and always will be—my favorite magazine.

I go to the Hoover School, and there I am in the seventh grade. We have three cats as pets, Hansi, Winkie, and Tippy.

Do you think you could have a story about twins? I am a twin and I would like to know what other twins do.

Sky Rabbits Unlimited is my favorite serial.
Marilyn Beeman

PINKIE

BROOKLYN, MICHIGAN: Let's keep on having Yes-We-Can Janey stories, by Nancy Titus. She and Bushy and Lofty are my favorite characters.

My hobbies are ice skating and horseback riding. My girl friend and I take turns riding my horse most of the time. His name is Jerry.

I am twelve years old and I am in the seventh grade at Wamplers Lake School. There are not many pupils in my class, as it is a country school.

I think THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine is the best one of all. I am a Girl Scout of Troop Number One in our vicinity, and all

the other girls in the troop agree with me.

I have three pets, two cats and a dog. My cats' names are Fluffie and Pinkie. I call my dog Queen. I named my cat Pinkie because, ever since he was a little kitten, he never grew any hair on his ears.

I live on a small farm just east of our town, so there aren't many girls my age who live near us. My sisters are seventeen years old and twenty years old, and I have two cute nephews, aged three and one. They don't play with me, of course, but I like to take care of them. They live about three miles from us on the lake shore.

Lois Hewitt

THE MAGAZINE COMES IN HANDY

GENEVA, INDIANA: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for about a year, and I like it very much. *Sky Rabbits* and *Your Loving Sister*, Patricia Downing are my favorite stories.

I am in the seventh grade and I am twelve years old.

Books, music, skating, swimming, and bicycle riding are my favorite hobbies.

I have no sister, and the only pet I have is a pet cat. His name is Tommy. So you can see THE AMERICAN GIRL comes in handy.

Peggy L. Reynolds

ANN GOES to the NATIONAL GALLERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

sophisticated thing, too, as you can see from his *Girl with the Red Hat*."

"But she—why, she looks exactly like a modern girl, maybe French. She is so sort of flat and capable."

"Mr. Mellon liked her, too, so much so that he kept her on his piano in Washington, just as if she had been a photograph and not a fabulously priced treasure. She was lost from the gallery catalogs for a hundred and fifty years, having been mistaken for a man with a red hat."

Ann laughed. "I can see how it happened, if the catalogers were accustomed to Titian's ladies."

"You said she looked French to you. Mr. Mellon didn't collect much French art, which has caused many people to criticize the gallery, but recently the Chester Dales of New York have made an indefinite loan of their beautiful collection of French paintings to the National Gallery. And while you are looking in clean, simple browns of a young boy leaning over a table setting up his cards, his hair tied neatly back in a peruke."

"He hasn't a thing to worry him, has he? Just comfortable and interested, the way Jimmie looks reading the funnies," mused Ann.

"The same atmosphere. Chardin was middle class and, until he began to paint the bourgeoisie, no one in France had ever bothered to paint anyone outside the Court. At first he did vegetables and dishes and plums that make your mouth water, but the story of his first picture of people is amusing. It seems the surgeon-barber of Chardin's town wanted him to paint him a sign. You know—knives and lancets and so on—but instead he did a picture fourteen feet long of a dueling scene, the victim being carried into the

barber shop. The barbers were the surgeons then, you remember. Chardin put it up at night and the barber was furious in the morning—until mobs began to gather and business boomed to such an extent that he forgave the artist, perforce. It gave the enterprising Chardin his start. Can you stand one more picture?"

"Oh, yes, please."

"Well, it's a sample of England's Renaissance, a hundred and fifty years after Sir Anthony Van Dyck showed them the way with his portraiture. It was just when America was struggling to gain her independence and it makes one realize why we won. There, on that green wall, through those two rooms."

"Oh, how—how decorative! I can't wait to get close." Ann hurried past the Reynoldses and Romneys to stand before the enchanting artificiality of Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. "She takes my breath away, she's so aristocratic and beautiful. She certainly belongs in a palace—but wouldn't she be stunning wearing that floating, pale-pink dress and shimmering blue sash in a technicolor movie?"

Mrs. Allenby laughed. "There you've hit it! But it has its grim side, too, believe it or not. Do you see how Gainsborough has expanded the background of lacy trees and sweeping sky from the mere glimpse that Van Dyck brought from Italy so long before? Well, it was that, that the foremost painter of English society was eating his heart out to do—to paint the landscape *without* the lady. But nothing of that sort for England in the 1780's!"

As they turned to go, Ann exhaled a deep sigh. "Well, Aunt, thanks a lot. I feel as if my mind would never snap back to quite its old size, it's been so stretched to-day by this view of the painting geniuses of the world portraying the people of their times. I am tired, but I can't wait to come again. Thank you, too, Mr. Mellon! I've had a lovely day."



GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

Oh the army, and the navy, and the coast-guard and marines, They deserve our every sacrifice, no matter what it means!

"Save the rubber!" is the order from our good old Uncle Sam, (If our foes were smart they'd understand and take it on the lam!)

★ ★ ★

"What's the difference," chuckles Grandpa, "if the car is laid aside?"

"There's health and fun for everyone in every cycle glide!"

"Your ma and pa can ride a bike, as well as Sis and Brother,

"And though it's years since I rode one, I think I'd like another!"

★ ★ ★

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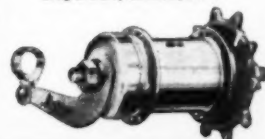
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A NAME I Won't FORGET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"It was swell," she said. "Let's go over to the open house and meet him."

"You go ahead, Fanny," I said in a muffled voice. "Maybe I'll come a little later. I may go to my room first." She nodded and left me.

I decided not to go back to my room. I turned and followed the path that leads into the lovely sunken garden behind the president's house. The night was warm and the moon was shining. I sat down on a bench to think it over. I couldn't bear to go into the hot, crowded house and have the mood destroyed, not even to meet John Mallory. I got up and walked down to the lily pool, and saw the moon and the ragged clouds reflected in the water.

Then I heard steps on the terrace behind me, and I was brought back to earth with a thump. It was John Mallory. He sat down—sank down, I should say—on a garden seat, and I heard him groan faintly. Well, there I stood behind a hardy hydrangea, wondering what, in a case like that, a girl should do. Clearly something awful was the matter with him. Either he was in sorrow, or in pain. Or maybe in the throes of inspiration. If it was sorrow or inspiration—well, of course, I didn't want to intrude. But if he was in pain, then I knew I ought to do something about it. He clutched his chest and groaned again.

Perhaps he was having a heart attack. I had read about a marvelous new cure for heart trouble—some sort of explosive substance, Dynamite—was that it? Surely not. I mean I couldn't risk going up to a suffering celebrity and saying, "Pardon me, can I get you a stick of dynamite?" Nitroglycerin! That was it. In tablet form, or something. The thought of being able to save John Mallory's life thrilled me so that I took a step toward him. He didn't hear me, I guess.

"Pardon me," I ventured. "Can I help you, Mr. Mallory?"

Well, he opened his eyes and said, "Oh, good evening! I came outside for a whiff of air. Rather hot in there. Fact is, I'm a fugitive from that mob of women. I'm a bit under the weather." He gave a grunt that was a suppressed groan.

"I'm so sorry," I breathed. "Is there anything I can do?" I couldn't bring myself to suggest the nitroglycerin cure, because if he hadn't heard of it he might think I was a maniac at large. He said through his teeth, "It's those confounded shrimps! I should have known better than to eat them. They always get the best of me."

It was a mortal blow. I mean my idol had something worse than feet of clay—he had the stomach-ache. Father, of course, has indigestion a lot. He always groans and says he is poisoned, and that a man can stand just so much and no more. Mother fixes him soda water and hot mustard packs and everything. And if all the rest of us don't hover round and wring our hands in sympathy, he always begins to speak of making his will. Seeing how Father raves, when he has a twinge of pain, makes me wonder at the way men go to war and die without complaining. Though Father would, too. It's the stomach-aches that they can't take. With a bitter pang, I looked closely at Mr. Mallory and realized that he must be older than I thought. Over forty.

Well, at least the stomach-ache made him

(Continued on page 50)



Do your bit for VICTORY by planting a VICTORY GARDEN



MANY girls are already planning gardens this summer, and since the Department of Agriculture is encouraging small gardens of both flowers and vegetables, we think readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL—particularly Girl Scout troops who wish to combine their garden projects with their relief activities—will be interested to know that the British-American Ambulance Corps, in cooperation with the W. Atlee Burpee Company, is sponsoring the sale of special collections of flower and vegetable seeds, the net proceeds from the sale of the seeds to go toward the fund to provide ambulances for the United Nations.

The flower collection—in a red, white, and blue design—contains envelopes of ten different kinds of seeds, five of which are mixtures of red, white, and blue colors. The flowers included are: red, white, and blue Petunias, mixed; red, white, and blue Bachelor's Buttons; red, white, and blue Morning Glories; red, white, and blue Larkspur; Burpee's super-giant Zinnias, mixed; Carnation Marigolds, tetra; red, white, and blue American Beauty Asters; gay Gail-lardias, mixed; Goblin Zinnias; and Burpee's yellow Cosmos.

The vegetable collection contains Parsley, garden Peas, white Summer Squash, bush Lima Beans, Spinach, Cucumbers, Stimson Lettuce, dark-red Beets, Carrots, stringless green Beans, purple-top Turnips, Swiss Chard, and red Radishes.

For the benefit of the ambulance fund, each collection (the regular value of which is \$1.80) will be sold for \$1.00; the two collections together for \$1.75. They may be ordered directly from the W. Atlee Burpee Company, 18th Street and Hunting Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, or from the headquarters of the British-American Ambulance Corps, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



Reminder

WIFE: Would you like waffles for breakfast, dear?

HUSBAND: No, thank you. They look too much like fried crossword puzzles—and I'm fed up on them!—*Sent by WILLADEAN WHITTEN, FYFFE, Alabama.*

Why Not?

CONDUCTOR: Madam, you'll have to pay for that boy.

LADY: But I have never done so before.

CONDUCTOR: That doesn't matter to me! He's over twelve years old and you'll have to pay his fare, or I'll put him off the car.

LADY: Well, put him off, then! What do I care? I never saw him before!—*Sent by RUTH ELLEN CLARK, Anacostia, District of Columbia.*

On a Rampage

Bobbie had been unusually naughty. When Mother attempted to punish him, he crawled under the bed, well out of her reach. There he remained.

When Father came home, Mother related the whole story. So Father started under the bed after his unruly son.

Bobbie saw him coming and called out, "Is she after you, too, Pop?"—*Sent by EMILY COALE, Bel Air, Maryland.*

Torture



FIRST DEMON: Ha, ha, ha!

SECOND DEMON: Why the laugh?

FIRST DEMON: I just put a woman into a room with a thousand beautiful hats—and no mirror!—*Sent by JOY SILVIS, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.*

The Prize-Winning Joke



Original

MOTHER: Don't you think Joey has mighty original ideas?

TEACHER: Yes, indeed. Especially when it comes to arithmetic!—*Sent by TWYLA BERGMAN, Springfield, Illinois.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Sent by WILMA SACKETT, Lamar, Missouri.

Orders



SOLDIER: Sir, the enemy are as thick as peas!

GENERAL: All right, shell them.—*Sent by MARGARET PARKER, Los Angeles, California.*

Definition

MARY: What is a pedestrian?

JANE: A man who has two cars, a wife, and an eighteen-year-old daughter.—*Sent by PHYLLIS MAY, Potsdam, New York.*

How About It?

TEACHER: Benny, name some ancient people.

BENNY: Mother and Daddy.—*Sent by MARY JANE TICE, San Marino, California.*

Finance

TOMMY: Dad, I sold my dog to-day for a thousand dollars.

DAD: What did you do with the money?

TOMMY: Oh, I didn't get any money! I got two five hundred dollar cats.—*Sent by VIRGINIA ROSS, Santa Ana, California.*

The Difference

FIRST SOLDIER: Do you know the difference between vision and sight?

SECOND SOLDIER: No!

FIRST SOLDIER: You know the girls we were out with yesterday? Well, the one I was with was a vision, and the one you were with was a sight.—

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WHEN STAMPS ARE YOUR HOBBY by OSBORNE B. BOND

AT THE time these notes are being written, the Japanese penetration into the Southwest Pacific is laying the groundwork for many philatelic changes. Hong Kong, parts of the Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Borneo (both Dutch and North), Malaya, as well as several of the Malayan States are all stamp-issuing countries which are now fully occupied by the Japanese. Parts of the Netherlands East Indies, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands colony, the Solomon Islands, and the island of New Guinea have also been lost. Perhaps when this column reaches you, even more territory will have been invaded by our enemy.

Just what the Japanese intend to do with the postal facilities in this vast area has not yet been announced, but we may look for many changes as a result of this penetration.

Never before in history has war covered almost the entire surface of the earth; during the last three months alone there have probably been more stamp changes of a provisional nature than have taken place in any normal year. While we are still without details as to what these changes are—and probably will be for some time to come—we know from what has happened in Europe and North Africa that they must be taking place.

As an example of the uncertainty about what is happening, we are only now able to report that, early in December, six values of the 1938 issue of Hong Kong were printed on a plain gray war paper. The designs and colors were the same as the original issue, but



BUY DEFENSE STAMPS

agents for the colonies.

Ecuador has commemorated the fourth centenary of the discovery of the Amazon, from the Andes to its mouth, by issuing a series of postage stamps. There are four adhesives in the group, of which we illustrate two for you. Actually, the estuary of the Amazon was discovered in 1500 by Vicente Yáñez Pinzón, a companion of Christopher Columbus, but it was not until many years later that the source and length of the river were explored. In the postage series, a portrait of Francisco de Orellana is shown upon the ten-centavos black-brown. He was one of the founders of Guayaquil and he organized and led an expedition from Guayaquil to the Atlantic. Upon the forty-centavos carmine-rose is a portrait of Gonzalo Pizarro, who left Quito to discover the Amazon in May, 1541. He was a brother of Francisco Pizarro, the Spanish soldier who conquered the Inca war chiefs in the sixteenth century. A view of the water front at Guayaquil is shown on the one-sucro purple. It was from there that Orellana's expedition started. The two-sucro deep-blue shows a view of the Plaza of Quito as it is to-day.

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FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Everywhere, the Spaniards found the Indians unfriendly. It even became difficult for the men to land and seek the spring. Though the search continued all summer, no miraculous fountain rewarded their efforts, and the disappointed Juan returned to Puerto Rico.

However, he left one of his boats behind with orders to search further, and when the boat finally returned, its captain had news.

"Sire," he reported, "I have discovered the Island of Bimini, with the aid of an old Indian woman as a guide."

"And the spring?" demanded Ponce de Leon.

"Sire, I bathed in all the waters there, but I found no youth-giving spring."

Even though the captain had failed, Ponce de Leon felt certain, now that Bimini was located, that the fountain also would be discovered. He was happier than he had been for years, and he made ready at once to depart for Spain to ask for the governorship over the lands he had found to the north.

Great was the excitement at the Spanish Court over his story. Excitement was the rule of the day in Spain. No one knew what marvelous discoveries each caravel returning from the west might report. It was always hoped that, some morning, such a ship would bring word Cathay had at last been reached. Or perhaps there might be news of another city filled with treasure, such as Montezuma had possessed. And a spring that gave eternal youth was even more wonderful. Everyone at the court believed the story was true.

With new titles, Juan set sail from Spain for the Indies once more. At last he felt sure he was to be great—as great as his kinsman, the Marquis, whom he had once envied—for he was to have all rights to the "islands" he had discovered. True, he was to settle them at his own cost, but that did not matter. Puerto Rico had yielded him plenty of gold.

However, there was one condition. Before taking possession of his discovery, the King insisted Ponce de Leon must subdue the Caribs, a fierce, man-eating Indian tribe dwelling near Puerto Rico. Juan tried to do this, but he was not successful, for the Caribs fought with poisoned arrows against which even the firearms of the Spaniards could not prevail. Disgusted at his failure, he returned to Puerto Rico.

There the governorship of that island was given him again. "It is a great honor. It is enough," he told himself.

But after a little, news of other explorers and their deeds made him desirous of accomplishing something equally great. So once again he turned northward toward the land of his discovery.

He took with him colonists and priests. There were horses on his boats and other animals. By this time so many folk in the West Indies were laughing at his tale of the Fountain of Youth, that for a long while he had said nothing about it, though in his heart still lingered hope of finding it.

On the coast of Florida, his Land of Flowers, he landed, and under his direction the walls of a settlement were begun. The sun was shining and the wind was sweet with fragrance, when out of the stillness of the wood came a storm of arrows. Spaniard after Spaniard was killed, while Ponce de Leon, rallying his men against this sudden attack, was himself struck in the side with an arrow.

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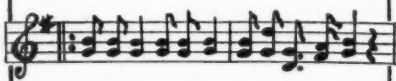
*To be sung to
the tune of
"Jingle Bells"*

By
**FLORENCE
BENSON**
(aged eleven)
Troop 36
West Haven
Connecticut

Our Uncle Sam is good,
He gives us all a chance,
As children we can play
And laugh and sing and dance.
He fights to keep alight
Liberty's bright lamps,
Now we can help him win this war
By buying Defense Stamps.

Chorus

So—
Let's buy bonds,
Let's buy stamps,
Let's buy all we can—
Each one helps bring victory
For our dear Uncle Sam!
Let's buy bonds,
Let's buy stamps,
Let's buy all we can,
Each one will bring victory for
Our dear old Uncle Sam!



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win the war!*

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He staggered and would have fallen if some of his soldiers had not run to aid him.

On every hand the colonists were rushing back to the safety of the boats, and the soldiers and their wounded leader hastened after them.

The sails trembled, filled with wind, and once again the Spanish vessels of Ponce de Leon moved away from the northern shores, fleeing from the country which looked so beautiful. But the leader was mortally stricken.

"I have failed," thought Ponce de Leon, as he lay dying. "I have always tried, but my name will never be remembered as is that of Rodrigo, the Marquis. Other explorers in the West will be called far greater than I—though perhaps someone will remember that I did find two islands."

A NAME I Won't FORGET

seem like a human being. One of us, if you know what I mean. It's impossible to gaze in awe on a man who is groaning with indignation. "Could I bring you some medicine?" I asked. "My father takes soda water. It always helps him."

"If you please, my dear," he said. "You are very kind. And I beg you, do not let anyone know where I am." He bowed his head on his hand.

I ran around to the kitchen entrance and sneaked in. Sally, the cook, was there, and a lot of extra maids who had come in to help serve the buffet supper.

"Sally," I said, "may I have a glass of water and a teaspoon of soda?"

Sally looked at me suspiciously. "You sick?" she asked. I guess long years of experience with a girls' school makes her distrust the most innocent requests.

"I'm not," I said, "but some one else is, from eating shrimps. Please, Sally. I'll bring the glass and spoon right back." Sally is a huge woman and no one has ever made her hurry. She took her own sweet time about getting the soda water ready. If Gabriel had been outside, blowing, it would not have mattered to her.

Finally she handed it to me, grudgingly. I sneaked back to the terrace. "Here, Mr. Mallory," I said. "If you will drink this, I think you'll feel better." I stirred it briskly.

He gulped it down. We saw some one coming through the living room toward the terrace. It was Mrs. Burdett.

"That woman is looking for me," John Mallory said—I almost wrote "snarled." He left the terrace quickly and disappeared into the evergreens clumped at the corner. I took off in the direction of the kitchen, to return the glass and spoon. When I started back,

So Juan Ponce de Leon died, not dreaming that his feet had walked upon a continent.

HIS kinsman's exploits are still told in Spain, but the fame of Juan, who was once a page, is told not only in Spain and the West Indies, but in a vast and splendid continent. There a great peninsula still bears the name he gave it, Florida. Its discoverer failed to find a Fountain of Youth, but he achieved for himself eternal remembrance.

Others who followed after him were to search, half secretly but none the less carefully, for the miraculous waters. Among such seekers were the Spaniards, Vazquez de Zyllon and Hernando De Soto. De Soto, likewise, was to meet his death in that land. Not until the close of the sixteenth century did men cease searching for the Fountain of Youth.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

with some vague idea of going inside to try to throw Mrs. Burdett off his track, he spoke to me out of the gloom. He was sitting on the bench under the rose trellis. "I'm feeling better," he said. "That dose was what I needed, I guess. Much obliged, young lady."

"You're very welcome, Mr. Mallory," I said. "I'm awfully glad you feel better. I know it must be terrible to suffer like that."

"Well, when it's over, it makes you know that the man was right who said, 'Happiness is freedom from pain.' He drew a deep breath and suppressed a yawn.

"Good-night, Mr. Mallory," I said. "I enjoyed your lecture ever so much. I'll never forget it as long as I live."

He put out his hand and shook mine warmly. "Good-night, my dear," he said. "Please tell me your name before you go."

"Lucy Ellen Downing," I told him.

"A name I won't forget," he said and started back indoors. I don't know how he explained his absence. I guess great men don't have to bother explaining things like that.

I strolled over to my room. It was getting chilly. I looked up at the stars. They looked unapproachable. I looked at the trees and most of the branches were bare. I thought of that line, "a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed"—mine all over. I had met John Mallory and he was not, after all, romantic—he was dyspeptic. "That's what comes of falling in love with people before you meet them," I thought gloomily.

But now I feel entirely different. John Mallory will always remember me, I believe. I know I'll always remember him. In some respects a friend is more to be desired than a hero, don't you think so? I mean they are much more durable.

THE WINNERS of the February "NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS CONTEST

SIX hundred and twenty-three girls submitted a thousand, five hundred and eighty-six titles for the second "Name-Your-Own" Comic drawing by Orson Lowell, published in the February issue. Many of the titles were witty and apt, in the opinion of the Editors. First place in the contest is tied between "Solo in A Flat," sent by Norma Keown, eleven years old, of Des Moines, Iowa—and "Undress Rehearsal," sent by Phyllis Ingledew, thirteen, of Winslow, Arizona. Norma and Phyllis will each receive a book as a prize.

Other good titles were "The Big Blow-Out," "Thar He Blows," "Mr. Blow-hard," "There's Always Room to Blow Your Own Horn," "All Packed Up and Ready to Blow," and "Static in the Attic."

GOOD NEWS—



*for friends of the Sparkes family—
in the May **AMERICAN GIRL!***

★ Eggs, Minty, Pop, and Buster—yes, and Joe, too—return to **THE AMERICAN GIRL** in **The Sky-Blue Trailer**, a new serial by Carol Ryrie Brink which begins in the May issue. Every reader of "Winter Cottage" will want to follow the adventures of this lovable family when Zip, the Lightning Artist, enters their lives, and his sky-blue trailer transports them from the quiet security of Pop's second-hand book shop to the raucous, colorful, and glamorous surroundings of a county fair. Fritz Eichenberg, distinguished European-born artist, is again the illustrator.

★ Nurses needed! That's what the Government tells us—fifty thousand girls urgently needed to begin nurses' training at this time. For you who wish to explore further the matter of education, training, and kinds of jobs available in the nursing profession, we print again **Public Health Jobs** by Beulah France, R. N., first published in **THE AMERICAN GIRL** in September 1940. Mrs. France has revised the article and brought it up to date.

★ Remember Lucy Ellen's younger sister, Pat Downing, who came down with mumps just as she hoped to be elected Freshman cheer leader, and wrote about her trials in letters to Lucy Ellen last November? Pat is back again in the May issue in **Quest for Beauty**, and we're sure her experiences in getting a permanent wave will afford you and Lucy Ellen a lot of amusement.

★ Do you stutter, or have you a friend who does? Then by all means read **I Wish I Didn't Stutter** by Dr. James Sonnett Greene, who is Medical Director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York. He gives some simple and easy-to-follow advice that should help a stutterer overcome her difficulty.

★ Have you ever thought that adventures and difficulties you experience now are perhaps a rehearsal for a bigger rôle in your grown-up life? In **Rehearsal**, Jane Darrow tells the true story of a dramatic adventure in the life of a sixteen-year old girl in Scotland during the last war, that helped prepare her for her great rôle in the world to-day, when her country is again at war.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

★ **RAY TYLER NOURSE**, who conducts Ann on a tour of the National Gallery of Art (page 5) lives in Washington, D. C. where her husband, Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, is associated with the Brookings Institute. She is a member of the National Board of the Wellesley Alumnae Association and her favorite "spectator sport" has long been art galleries, together with the stories and history lying back of the world's masterpieces. . . . ★ **MARGARET YOUNG LULL**, author of "Lynn's Emergency" (page 9), was born in New York State, but went West when she married, and "fell in love with it," a fact that is revealed in most of her writing. One of her books "Face West" was first serialized in **THE AMERICAN GIRL** in 1933, before publication by Harpers . . . ★ **RAYMOND S. DECK** confesses that he has become "slightly migratory" himself, for he travels constantly over our continent studying the migrations of birds. Some of his findings are incorporated in his delightful article, "Landing Fields for Birds," on page 12. Mr. Deck's hobby is photography and his articles in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Country Life*, as well as **THE AMERICAN GIRL**, are illustrated with his own photographs. His enthusiasms, he says, are his two Girl Scout daughters, Jean and Catherine. . . . ★ **FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT**, author of "A Name I Won't Forget" (page 15), declares that a farm in the Blue Grass country of Tennessee is her "favorite spot on earth," though Lucy Ellen, her heroine, does not always agree with her. For eighteen years Mrs. Wright has been writing stories for children, many of which have been translated into Chinese and Portuguese for mission schools in China and Brazil. Her Lucy Ellen stories, first printed in this magazine, were published in a book by that name in 1940 by Farrar & Rinehart. . . . ★ **PELAGIE DOANE**, who draws the pictures for the Lucy Ellen stories, lives in New York and is the illustrator of many outstanding books for children. . . . ★ **FRANCES FROST**, distinguished poet and novelist, whose poem, "Complaint," appears on page 22, is a Vermonter by birth although she now lives in New York City.

For a Busybody

Slacks and overalls are the smart, practical fashion for your double-duty life today. Wear them doing your stint on the home front—wear them for sports and for fun.



Slacks for work and play are dart-fitted for trim, sleek lines. In mint-green gabartex, sizes 10-18. **8-106**.....\$3.25

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WorkMates will up your efficiency in garden grubbing or wielding a wrench. In sturdy, gray-green Thrift Cloth, the overalls have a fitted top, the coat is boxy cut. Sizes 10-40.
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8-130 Work Coat 1.50
8-102 Overalls only in green suiting 2.00

Slacks of blue suiting have darts at strategic points for a slick fit. Sizes 10-20.
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A Sport Shirt to go with everything is white cotton broadcloth, with convertible collar. Sizes 10-20. **8-206**.....\$1.25

PlayMates—a slack suit streamlined for a flattering fit—is tailored of fine gabardine in spruce green. The smart blouse can be worn shirt tail in or out. Sizes 10-20.
8-105 Slacks, spruce green.....\$4.25
8-133 Blouse, spruce green..... 3.75
8-132 Blouse, daffodil yellow..... 3.75

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